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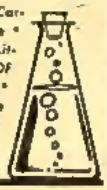

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WHEN YOU KNOW HOW

DIAGNOSIS: *Pierced Thorax* PROCEDURE: *Thoracotomy*

WITH A HUMAN LIFE HANGING IN THE BALANCE, A DOCTOR IS OFTEN CALLED UPON TO MAKE THE DECISION... THE TOUGH DECISION TO GAMBLE AGAINST GREAT ODDS, WITH DEATH WAITING TO GATHER IN THE STAKE. THIS IS THE STORY OF JUST SUCH A GAMBLE, AND OF THE COUNTRY DOCTOR WHO TOOK IT. IT BEGINS ON A SNOW-PACKED SLOPE IN A SMALL RURAL COMMUNITY...

BEAT IT, TAD! THIS HILL IS TOO TAME FOR US! WE'RE GOING TO SNAKE HILL... AND YOU HAVEN'T GOT THE NERVE TO RIDE THE SNAKE! BESIDES, YOUR MOTHER'LL SPANK YOU IF SHE FINDS OUT! SO, BEAT IT!
YOU THINK I'M SCARED TO RIDE THE SNAKE!? I'LL SHOW YOU! I'LL BE THE FIRST ONE DOWN! THE VERY FIRST!
JOE Orlando

HEY GUYS! GUESS WHO SAYS HE'S GONNA RIDE THE SNAKE! HIM!
WHAT!? MAMA'S BOY?
WHO'S HE KIDDING?! GO ON HOME, TAD! YOUR MOTHER WANTS YOU!
I'LL SHOW YOU! YOU CAN'T LAUGH AT ME! I'LL SHOW YOU I'M AS GOOD AS ANY OF YOU!

HOLY SMOKES, HE'S GONNA DO IT! THAT CRAZY KID! HE'S NEVER RIDDEN THE SNAKE BEFORE! IT'S TOO DANGEROUS FOR HIM!
WE BETTER STOP HIM! GOLLY, I DIDN'T MEAN TO TEASE HIM INTO DOING IT!

DRIVEN BY A DESPERATE NEED TO BE THE EQUAL OF THE OTHER BOYS, TAD GARDNER STOOD POISED ON THE RIM OF SNAKE HILL IN THE WANING LIGHT...THE TWISTING TRAIL BEFORE HIM A CHALLENGE TO HIS COURAGE...

TAD, WAIT! HEY TAD! DON'T DO IT!
IT'S GETTING TOO DARK! DON'T TRY IT, TAD! YOU HAVE TO KNOW THE SNAKE!
I'VE GOT TO GO DOWN! IF I DON'T, I... I... I CAN'T BACK OUT NOW!

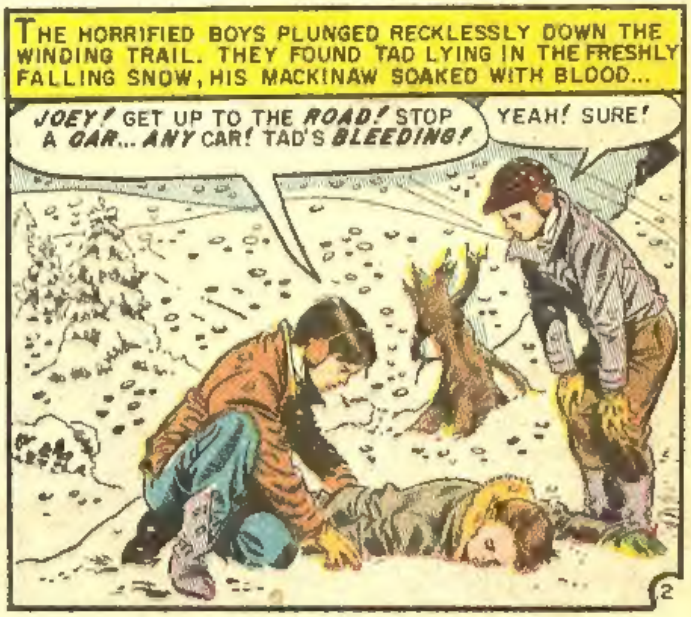
THERE HE GOES!
GOLLY! I SURE HOPE HE MAKES THE S-TURN!
IF HE DOESN'T, HE'LL GO RIGHT OFF THE TRAIL! AND IT'S STARTIN' TO SNOW AGAIN!
I'M SCARED! I DON'T WANT ANYTHING TO HAPPEN TO THE KID!

DOWN...DOWN THE TWISTING HILL TRAIL SPED THE DETERMINED BOY, THEN, BLINDED BY THE FALLING SNOW, TAD LOST SIGHT OF THE TRAIL MOMENTARILY. IN THAT SECOND, HIS HURTLING SLED LEFT THE PATH...

...SKIDDED STRAIGHT FOR A JAGGED TREE STUMP...

...AND...

THE HORRIFIED BOYS PLUNGED RECKLESSLY DOWN THE WINDING TRAIL. THEY FOUND TAD LYING IN THE FRESHLY FALLING SNOW, HIS MACKINAW SOAKED WITH BLOOD...



THE SNOW WAS FALLING HEAVIER NOW AS LITTLE JOEY CLIMBED BACK UP THE HILL TO THE ROAD AND WAITED WHAT SEEMED LIKE AN ETERNITY FOR A CAR TO COME ALONG. FINALLY, HEADLIGHTS KNIFED THROUGH THE FALLING BLANKET OF WHITE...

THE CAR SKIDDED TO A STOP. THE DRIVER LEAPED OUT...

YOU CRAZY KID! WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY STANDING IN THE ROAD LIKE THAT? I COULD'VE...
WHAT A BREAK! TROOPER BENSON! IT'S TAD GARDNER, SIR! HE'S HURT REAL BAD! HE'S BLEEDING! MAYBE HE'S DEAD!

THE STATE TROOPER STUMBLED DOWN THE HILL TO WHERE THE PROSTRATE BOY LAY, STAINING THE WHITE SNOW SCARLET...

HE BELONGS IN A HOSPITAL! BUT THE ROAD TO ALLENTOWN ISN'T EVEN OPEN YET! I'LL GET HIM HOME IN MY CAR! ONE OF YOU KIDS GET HOLD OF DOC YATES! TELL HIM WHAT'S HAPPENED! TELL HIM TO BRING ALL THE INSTRUMENTS HE'LL NEED! TELL HIM TO GET OVER TO THE GARDNER PLACE... FAST!
I'LL GO!

THE STATE TROOPER'S PATROL CAR CARRIED THE UNCONSCIOUS, BADLY INJURED BOY TO HIS HOME. THERE, THE OFFICER CHECKED BY TELEPHONE TO MAKE CERTAIN THAT THE DOCTOR WAS ON HIS WAY. THEN HE TURNED TO TAD'S DISTRAUGHT PARENTS...

OH, MY BABY! MY POOR BABY! I NEVER SHOULD HAVE LET HIM GO OUT SLEDDING! WHY DID HE HAVE TO GO DOWN SNAKE HILL?
BECAUSE HE'S A BOY, MARTHA! YOU CAN'T KEEP HIM WRAPPED IN COTTON WADDING!

LESS THAN A QUARTER OF AN HOUR LATER, ROBERT YATES, M.D., ARRIVED AT THE GARDNER HOME. HE LOST NO TIME IN EXAMINING THE INJURED YOUNGSTER...

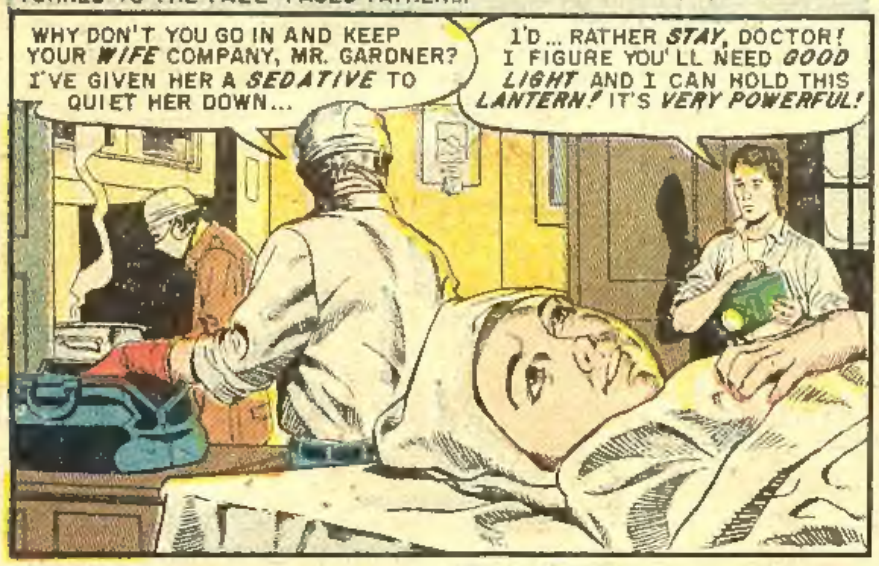
I WON'T MINCE WORDS! THE BOY'S HURT BAD! HE HAS SEVERAL BROKEN RIBS! THE THORACIC WALL IS PIERCED! AND BONE SPLINTERS HAVE PENETRATED HIS RIGHT LUNG! WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM TO THE ALLENTOWN HOSPITAL— IMMEDIATELY!
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE, DOC! THE ROAD'S NOT OPEN! I'VE RADIOED HEADQUARTERS AND THEY'RE SENDING AN AMBULANCE OUT BEHIND THE SNOW PLOW! BUT, LORD KNOWS HOW LONG THAT WILL TAKE!

DO SOMETHING, DOCTOR! PLEASE! DON'T LET HIM DIE!
HE NEEDS AN EMERGENCY OPERATION! HE'S HEMORRHAGING INTERNALLY! I... I'LL HAVE TO DO IT... RIGHT HERE! IF ONLY I HAD A NURSE! SOMEONE WHO KNOWS OPERATING PROCEDURES!

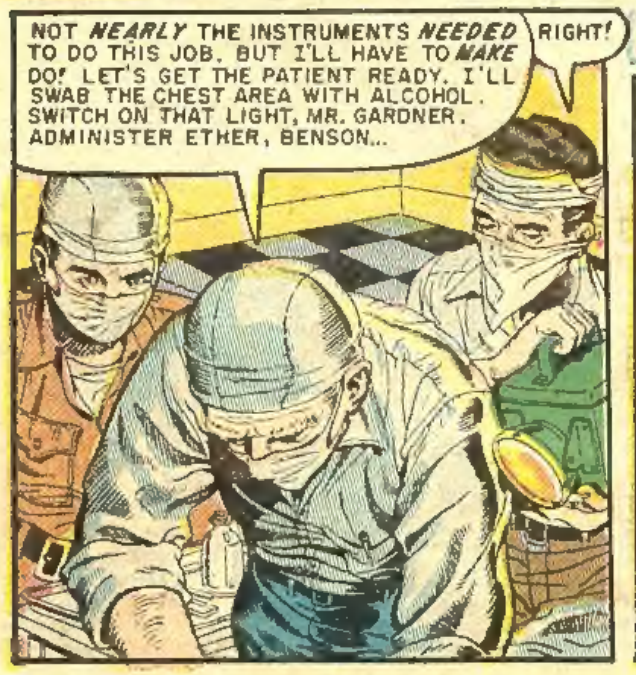
I WAS A *MEDIC* DURING THE *WAR*, DOC. I'VE SEEN A COUPLE OF *FIELD OPERATIONS*. I KNOW WHAT TO DO!
GOOD! ALL RIGHT! CLEAR OFF THE KITCHEN TABLE! MR. GARDNER! GET SOME WATER BOILING! YOU'LL FIND SURGICAL TOOLS IN MY BAG. GET THEM. PUT THEM IN THE BOILING WATER. YOU'LL ALSO FIND A CAN MARKED "ETHER"... AND SOME STERILE GAUZE PADS. COME WITH ME, BENSON! WE'LL HAVE TO SCRUB UP!

WHAT'S THE KID'S CHANCES, DOC?
I DON'T KNOW! HE'S LOST A LOT OF BLOOD AND HE'S IN SHOCK! I BROUGHT SOME PLASMA WITH ME! I HOPE IT'S ENOUGH! WITH GOD'S HELP, I MAY BE ABLE TO PULL HIM THROUGH!

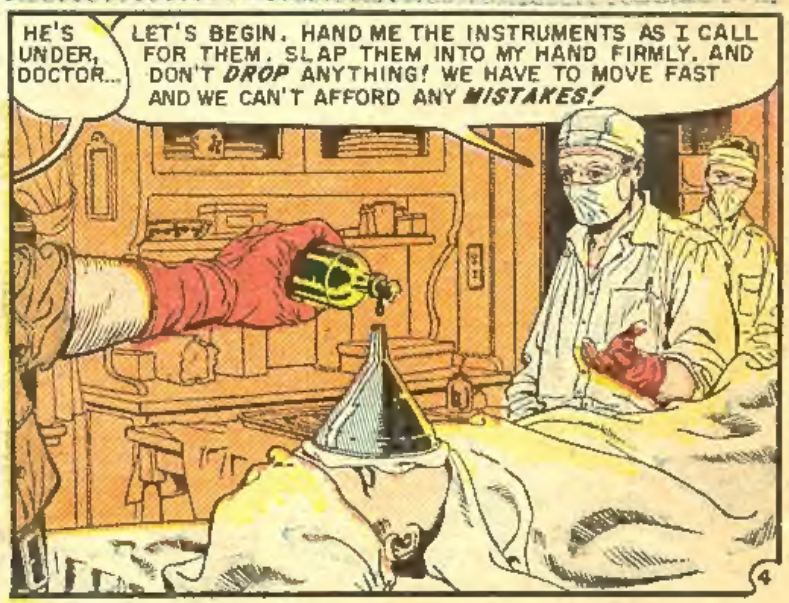
THE BOY WAS PLACED UPON THE KITCHEN TABLE AND THE STERILIZED INSTRUMENTS WERE LAID OUT ON A BOILED TRAY. DOCTOR YATES TURNED TO THE PALE-FACED FATHER...


WHY DON'T YOU GO IN AND KEEP YOUR *WIFE* COMPANY, MR. GARDNER? I'VE GIVEN HER A *SEDATIVE* TO QUIET HER DOWN...
I'D... RATHER *STAY*, DOCTOR! I FIGURE YOU'LL NEED *GOOD LIGHT* AND I CAN HOLD THIS *LANTERN!* IT'S *VERY POWERFUL!*

THANKS! THAT *WILL* HELP! ALL RIGHT, BENSON! I'M READY FOR AN INSTRUMENT CHECK! COUNT THEM OFF!
YES, SIR! SCALPEL... SURGICAL SAW... CLIPPERS... FORCEPS... SIX HAEMOSTATS... FOUR RETRACTORS... SEVEN SPONGES... SUTURES...


NOT *NEARLY* THE INSTRUMENTS *NEEDED* TO DO THIS JOB. BUT I'LL HAVE TO *MAKE* DO! LET'S GET THE PATIENT READY. I'LL SWAB THE CHEST AREA WITH ALCOHOL. SWITCH ON THAT LIGHT, MR. GARDNER. ADMINISTER ETHER, BENSON...
RIGHT!

ETHER FROM THE CAN WAS DRIPPED INTO AN INVERTED FUNNEL STUFFED WITH STERILE GAUZE PADS...


HE'S UNDER, DOCTOR...
LET'S BEGIN. HAND ME THE INSTRUMENTS AS I CALL FOR THEM. SLAP THEM INTO MY HAND FIRMLY. AND DON'T *DROP* ANYTHING! WE HAVE TO MOVE FAST AND WE CAN'T AFFORD ANY *MISTAKES!*

AN EXACTING OPERATION EVEN UNDER IDEAL O.R. CONDITIONS, A THORACOTOMY, OR CHEST SURGERY, REQUIRES SPEED AND SKILL... OTHERWISE PERMANENT DAMAGE MAY BE DONE TO THE RESPIRATORY SYSTEM...

AN INCISION IS MADE AT A POINT ABOVE THE DIAPHRAGM...

RETRACTORS ARE APPLIED TO KEEP THE LONG INCISION OPEN...

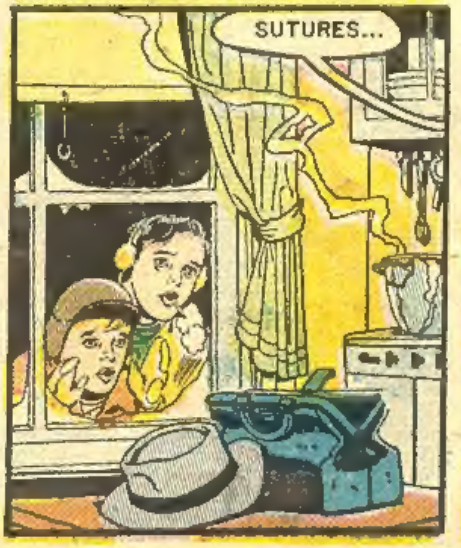
WITH THE SURGICAL SAW, THE DOCTOR CUTS THROUGH THE EXPOSED RIB CAGE, SEVERING THE BROKEN PORTIONS OF THE RIBS...

THE CLIPPERS ARE USED TO CUT AWAY CARTILEGE AND TISSUE...

HAEMOSTATS ARE CLAMPS WHICH ARE APPLIED TO SEVERED VEINS AND ARTERIES TO CHECK BLEEDING UNTIL THE DAMAGE CAN BE REPAIRED...

WITH THE PRELIMINARY WORK OUT OF THE WAY, THE DOCTOR THEN PAINSTAKINGLY REMOVES EACH SLIVER OF SHATTERED BONE FROM THE AFFECTED AREA BY MEANS OF DELICATE FORCEPS...

SPONGES ARE APPLIED FREQUENTLY TO ABSORB EXCESS BLOOD AND TO KEEP THE AREA CLEAR SO THE DOCTOR MAY WORK UNHAMPERED...



AT LAST, ALMOST ONE HOUR LATER, DR. YATES' NIMBLE FINGERS CLOSED THE INCISION WITH SUTURES AND HE TURNED WEARILY AWAY...

MRS. GARDNER STOOD IN THE KITCHEN DOOR...
WILL HE BE ALL RIGHT, DOCTOR?
I'VE DONE THE BEST I CAN, MRS. GARDNER. I THINK HE'LL PULL THROUGH!
OH, THANK HEAVENS! THANK HEAVENS! IF HE DOES, I'LL NEVER LET HIM OUT OF MY SIGHT AGAIN!
MRS. GARDNER, I CAN UNDERSTAND HOW YOU FEEL. BUT YOU MUST NOT MAKE A MISTAKE LIKE THAT! THE BOY TOOK THE SLED DOWN SNAKE HILL PRECISELY BECAUSE HE HAD BEEN OVER-PROTECTED! HE HAD TO PROVE HIMSELF TO OTHERS! DON'T SMOTHER HIM SO HE HAS TO DO SOMETHING LIKE THAT AGAIN!
A BOY HAS TO FEND FOR HIMSELF, SOONER OR LATER. MAKE IT SOONER... FOR HIS SAKE!
I... I NEVER THOUGHT OF IT THAT WAY, DOCTOR!
TWO HOURS AND TEN MINUTES LATER, A SIREN WAILED OUTSIDE THE GARDNER HOME...
THE AMBULANCE IS HERE! THE SNOW PLOW'S BROKEN THROUGH!
OH, DOCTOR! HOW CAN WE EVER THANK YOU?
THE ONLY THANKS I WANT IS TO SEE TAD SLEDDING AGAIN!
AND MONTHS LATER, WHEN TAD HAD HEALED, AND ONCE AGAIN SNOW BLANKETED THE COUNTRYSIDE, ROBERT YATES, M.D., GOT HIS THANKS...
HI, DOC! GUESS WHAT I DID TODAY?!
I'M SURE I DON'T KNOW!
I RODE SNAKE HILL... RIGHT TO THE BOTTOM! THE OTHER GUYS SHOWED ME HOW TO MAKE THE TURNS! IT'S EASY WHEN YOU KNOW HOW!
EVERYTHING'S EASY, TAD... WHEN YOU KNOW HOW!
THE END

THE RIGHT CURE

DIAGNOSIS: Pancreatic Cyst PROCEDURE: Appendiceal Abscess

THE M.D.'S FIGHT AGAINST SICKNESS AND DISEASE IS A BITTER, EXHAUSTING ONE. BUT HIS BATTLE AGAINST IGNORANCE, FEAR, AND SUPERSTITION IS EVEN *MORE* DESPERATE... AND, SOMETIMES, JUST AS *DEADLY*...

I BRUNG YOU SOME *TURNIPS*, OL' NAN! DID YUH FIND OUT WHY ZEB CAIN'T *SWALLER* NO MORE?
YEP! I'M PRESCRIBIN' HIM SOME *RAW CRAB GRASS* TO CHEW... AN' SOME *PEPPERMINT TEA* MIXED WITH *FISH OIL!* THAT'LL FIX 'IM UP GOOD! MAKE THAT *TEN* GRASS BLADES, JOE...
TEN GRASS BLADES! *COMIN' UP!*
CUT

THE OLD HAG SAT AMID HER HERBS AND INSECTS AND ANIMAL CURES, TENDING HER LATEST PATIENT. WHILE BEYOND, ON THE PATH TO THE RUN-DOWN SHACK, JENNY VENABLE LOOKED AT HER WRITHING MOTHER AND THEN TO HER FATHER...

HOW *CAN* SHE! SHE'S NOT A *DOCTOR*, PA! ONLY A *DOCTOR* CAN HELP SICK PEOPLE!
MAYBE J-JENNIE'S *RIGHT*, PA! I BEEN SEEIN' EVERYBODY *BUT* A DOCTOR... AN' I FEEL WORSE'N *EVER!*
THAT'S BECAUSE WE AIN'T FOUND THE *RIGHT CURE!*

BUT, PA! THE MIDWIFE...THE HERBIST.. THE OLD CRONE...THEY TOLD MA TO TAKE SWAMP MOSS SOUP, MOULDY BREAD, APPLE SEED OIL, SAWDUST N' SALT, GOOSEGRASS JUICE, ACORN COFFEE... ALL KINDS OF CURES. HOW CAN THOSE THINGS HELP ANYONE?
THEY DO HELP! THE VENABLES BEEN TAKIN' THEM THINGS FO' A HUNDRED YEARS! BUT MA'S GOT SOMETHIN' ELSE WRONG WITH HER! THA'S WHY THE CURES DON' TAKE!
THE TROUBLE WITH YOU IS THET YUH GOT SOME SCHOOLIN'! A LI'L EDUCATION AN' YUH THINK YUH KNOW MORE'N YUH PAW! STAN' ASIDE, 'AFORE I WALLOP YUH!
I'M READY FO' YUH, MIZ VENABLE!
IN THE FILTHY DARKNESS OF THE OLD WOMAN'S SHACK, AMID THE BOTTLES AND THE POTS AND THE FLAPPING CHICKENS, MA VENABLE WAS EXAMINED...
I SEES YUH COMPLAINT, MIZ VENABLE! IT'S PLAIN AS A POOR MAN'S GRAVE-MARKER! YUH GOT A MASS O' MISERY GROWIN' INSIDE YUH!
IT HURTS ME NIGHT N' DAY! I- I CAN'T HARDLY MOVE... GASP...
AIN'T THERE SOME MEDICINE SHE CAN TAKE TO GET RID O' THAT LUMP, OL' NAN?
I THINK IT'S A CANCER, THAT'S WHAT I THINK! I THINK I'M GONNA DIE FROM IT!
IT'S A CANCER, ALL RIGHT, MIZ VENABLE! BUT YUH AIN'T GONNA DIE, 'CAUSE THIS HERE CURE IS GONNA FIX YUH UP! YUH NEVER HEARD OF GEORGE WASHINGTON DYIN' OF A CANCER, DID YUH?
YUH MEAN GEORGE WASHINGTON USED THIS CURE?!
YEP! HE KEPT EATIN' CRAYFISH STEWED IN DONKEY'S MILK AN' MUSHROOM STEMS, PICKLED IN VINEGAR AND STEWED IN WINE! A CUP O' THIS EVERY MORNIN' AN' THAT CANCER WILL DISAPPEAR!
AS FER THE PAIN, TAKE THIS SALVE MADE OUT'N DANDYLION WINE, GRAPE SEEDS AND BACON RIND GREASE. RUB IT ON THICK! THE SMELL ALONE WILL MAKE YUH FORGET HOW BAD IT HURTS!
BUT WHAT IF IT DON'T WORK? WE TRIED OTHER CURES...
THET WAS YER MISTAKE! YOU SHOULD HAVE COME T' OL' NAN FIRST! GIVE US A DOLLAR AND A HALF!
2

THE MAN AND THE GIRL HELPED THE WOMAN FROM THE SHACK, CLUTCHING THEIR CANS OF SALVES AND FLUIDS.

PA, HOW CAN YOU *BELIEVE* THAT NONSENSE?! IF MA'S *SICKNESS* WON'T KILL HER, THIS AWFUL STUFF *WILL!* THAT WOMAN IS AS *IGNORANT* AS *WE* ARE!

YUH *STARTIN'* AGAIN, JENNY?? I'LL

P-PLEASE! *NO FIGHTS!* I GASP I CAIN'T STAND THIS FIGHTIN'!

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE IF I I TAKE *THIS* CURE *TOO*, JENNY? IT AIN'T GONNA *HELP!* I I'M GONNA DIE *ANYWAY!* I GASP I ONLY HOPE IT'S *SOON!*

YUH *SEE* WHAT YUH DONE!? YUH MADE HER TALK OF *DYIN'* AGIN!

I I'M *SORRY*, PA! BUT MA NEEDS A *DOCTOR!*

NO, JENNIE! *GASP* WHAT I NEED IS A *QUICK FINISH!* IF YER PA WAS *GOOD* T'ME, HE'D *KILL* ME, 'STEAD O' DRAGGIN' ME AROUND TO FIND *CURES!*

DON'T *TALK* LIKE THAT, MA! YOU'RE *NOT GOIN'* T'DIE! WE WON'T *LET* YUH!

SO THEY TOOK MA VENABLE HOME AND THEY FED HER THE OLD WOMAN'S QUACK CURES. AND A FEW DAYS LATER.

IT GASP IT AIN'T *HELPIN'* ME, PAW! *GASP* I-I M FEELIN' *WORSE!* KILL ME! I-I'M *BEGGIN'* YUH, PAW! *KILL ME!* PUT ME OUT O' MY PAIN!

DON'T *ASK* ME THET, MA! I *CAIN'T* KILL YUH! JENNY! *HURRY UP WITH THAT CURE!*

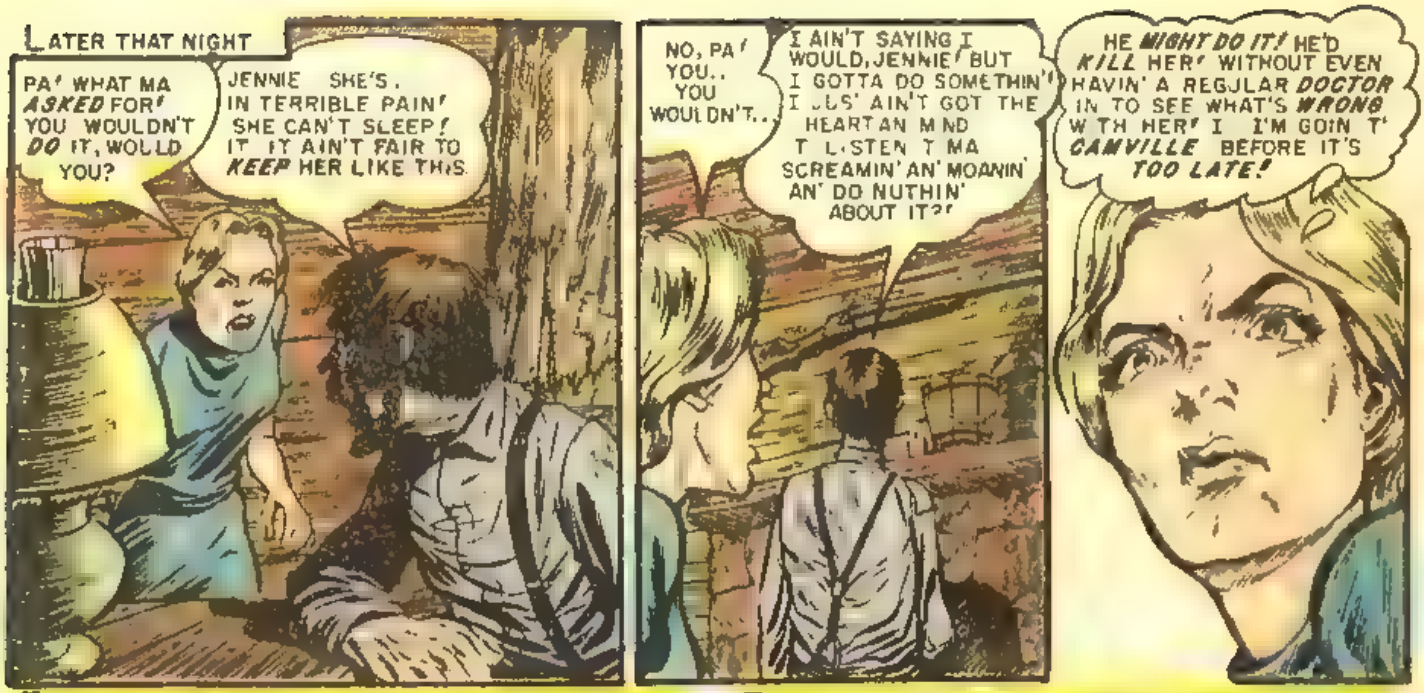
I DON'T *WANT* NO MORE CURE! *SOB* I I'M A *GONER!* *DON'T* LET ME *SUFFER!* PLEASE, PA! *PLEASE!*

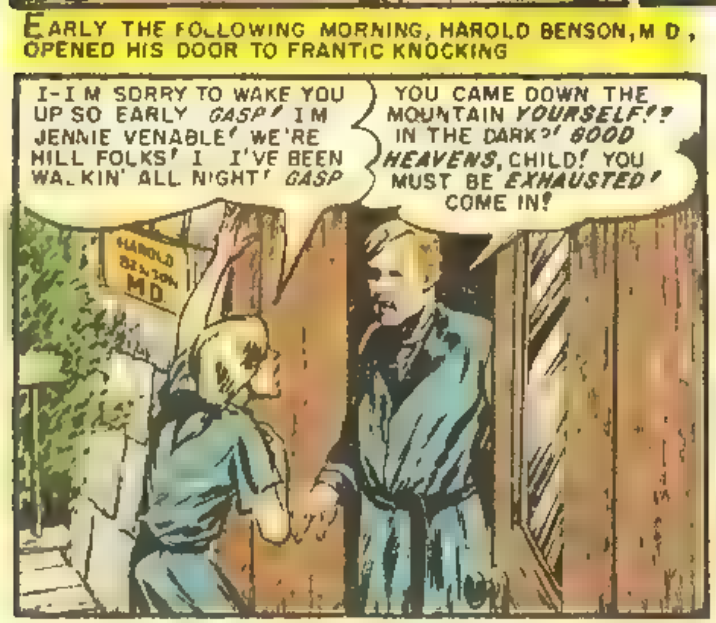
PA! *LISTEN* TO ME! THERE'S A *DOCTOR* IN CAMVILLE! *GET* HIM! LET *HIM* EXAMINE MA! *PLEASE!* WHAT DO PEOPLE LIKE *OLD MAN* KNOW!?

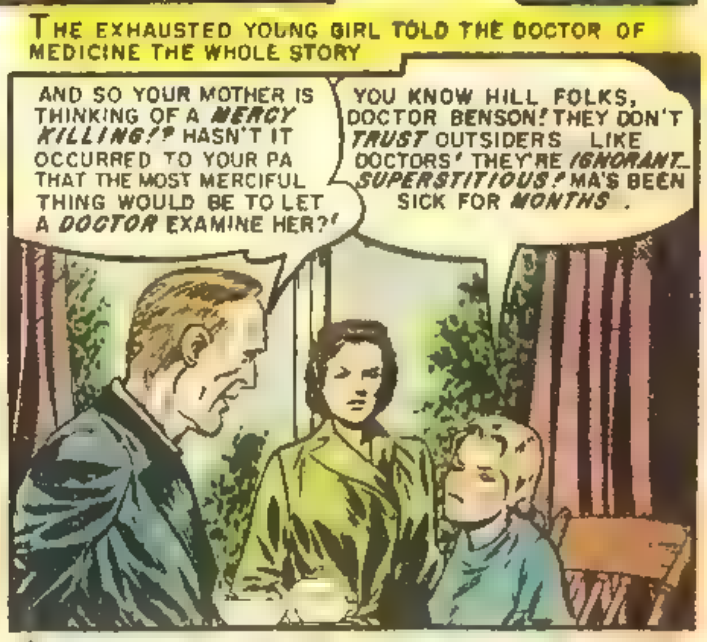
WHAT DO *YOU* KNOW!? *SHUT UP*, I TOL' YUH! *NOBODY* IN THE HILLS TRUSTS *DOCTORS!* DOCTORS ARE *FURRINERS! OUTSIDERS!*

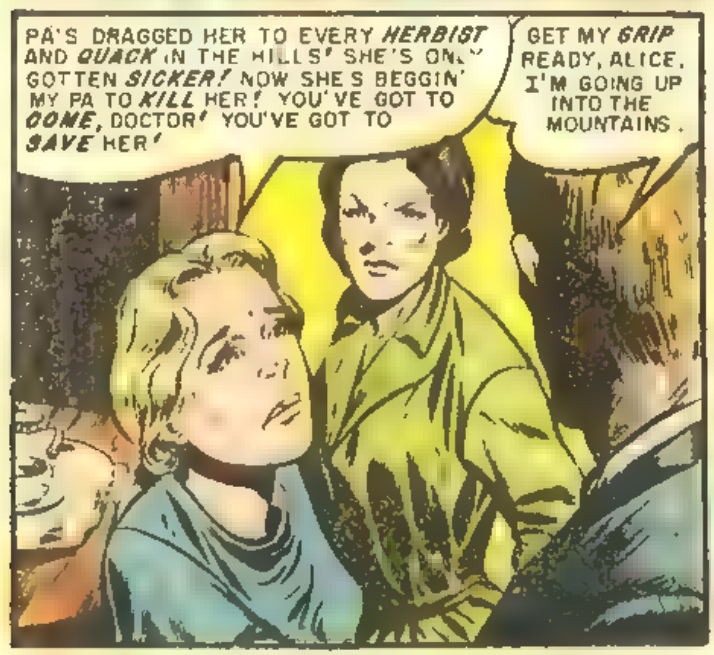
NO DOCTORS! NO! ALL I WANT IS *PEACE! PA!* GIVE ME *PEACE!* TAKE DOWN YER *RIFLE!* I'M *BEGGIN* YUH!

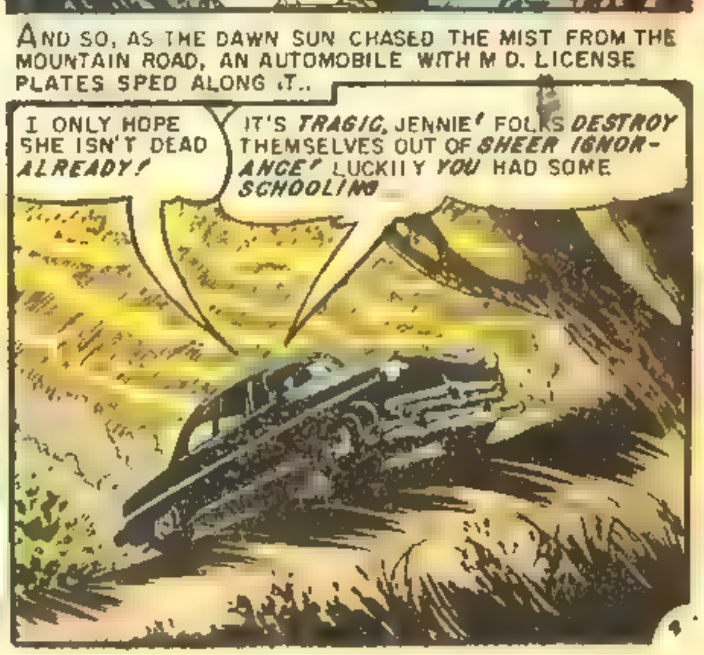
DON'T *TALK* LIKE THAT, MA! YOU *KNOW* HOW I FEEL! I GULP I CAIN'T SEE YUH GOIN' *ON* LIKE THIS!


LATER THAT NIGHT
PA! WHAT MA ASKED FOR! YOU WOULDN'T DO IT, WOULD YOU?
JENNIE SHE'S IN TERRIBLE PAIN! SHE CAN'T SLEEP! IT IT AIN'T FAIR TO KEEP HER LIKE THIS
NO, PA! YOU.. YOU WOULDN'T..
I AIN'T SAYING I WOULD, JENNIE! BUT I GOTTA DO SOMETHIN'! I JES' AIN'T GOT THE HEART AN MIND T LISTEN T MA SCREAMIN' AN' MOANIN' AN' DO NUTHIN' ABOUT IT?!
HE MIGHT DO IT! HE'D KILL HER! WITHOUT EVEN HAVIN' A REGULAR DOCTOR IN TO SEE WHAT'S WRONG WITH HER! I I'M GOIN T' CAMVILLE BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

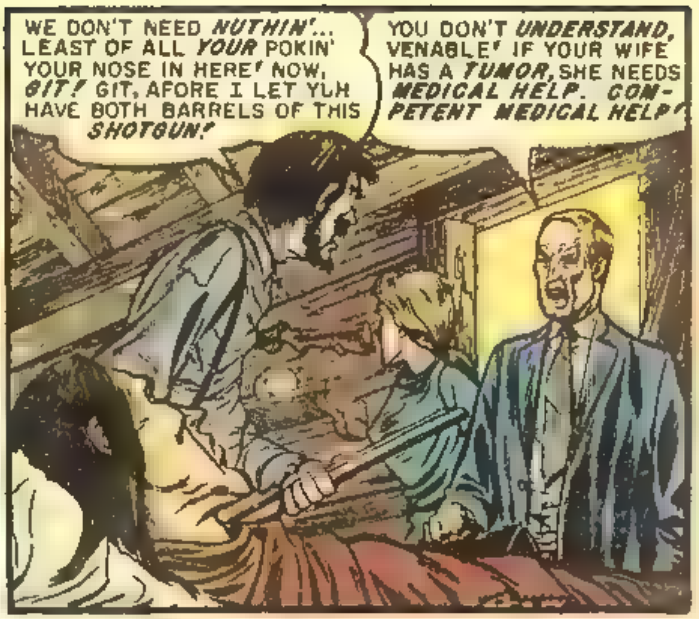

EARLY THE FOLLOWING MORNING, HAROLD BENSON, M D, OPENED HIS DOOR TO FRANTIC KNOCKING
I-I M SORRY TO WAKE YOU UP SO EARLY GASP! I M JENNIE VENABLE! WE'RE HILL FOLKS! I I'VE BEEN WALKIN' ALL NIGHT! GASP
YOU CAME DOWN THE MOUNTAIN YOURSELF!? IN THE DARK?! GOOD HEAVENS, CHILD! YOU MUST BE EXHAUSTED! COME IN!
HAROLD BENSON MD

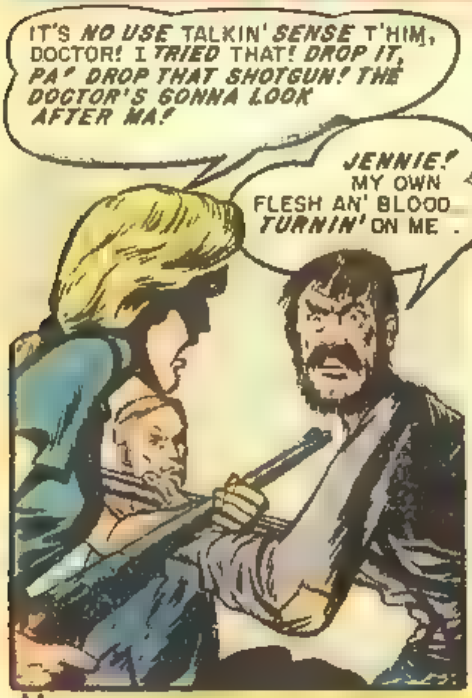

THE EXHAUSTED YOUNG GIRL TOLD THE DOCTOR OF MEDICINE THE WHOLE STORY
AND SO YOUR MOTHER IS THINKING OF A MERCY KILLING!? HASN'T IT OCCURRED TO YOUR PA THAT THE MOST MERCIFUL THING WOULD BE TO LET A DOCTOR EXAMINE HER?!
YOU KNOW HILL FOLKS, DOCTOR BENSON! THEY DON'T TRUST OUTSIDERS LIKE DOCTORS! THEY'RE IGNORANT SUPERSTITIOUS! MA'S BEEN SICK FOR MONTHS.

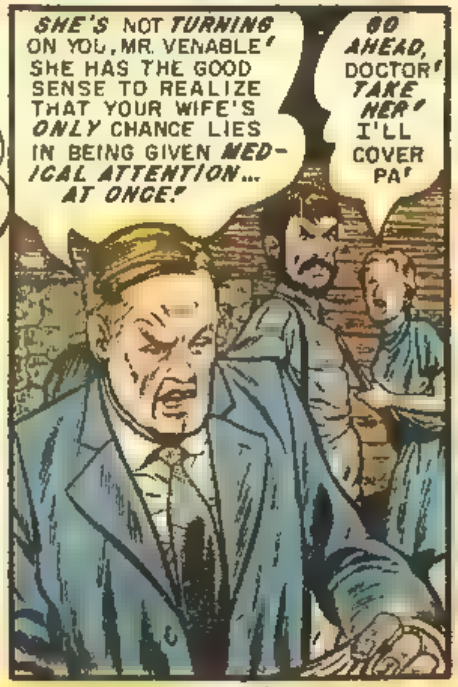

PA'S DRAGGED HER TO EVERY HERBIST AND QUACK IN THE HILLS! SHE'S ONLY GOTTEN SICKER! NOW SHE'S BEGGIN' MY PA TO KILL HER! YOU'VE GOT TO DONE, DOCTOR! YOU'VE GOT TO SAVE HER!
GET MY GRIP READY, ALICE, I'M GOING UP INTO THE MOUNTAINS.


AND SO, AS THE DAWN SUN CHASED THE MIST FROM THE MOUNTAIN ROAD, AN AUTOMOBILE WITH M D. LICENSE PLATES SPED ALONG IT..
I ONLY HOPE SHE ISN'T DEAD ALREADY!
IT'S TRAGIC, JENNIE! FOLKS DESTROY THEMSELVES OUT OF SHEER IGNORANCE! LUCKILY YOU HAD SOME SCHOOLING

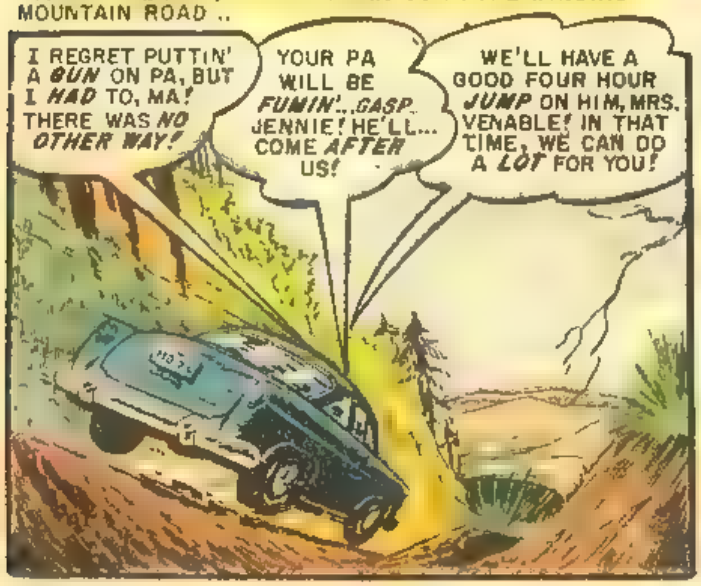
AN HOUR LATER, THE DOCTOR AND THE YOUNG GIRL LEAPED FROM THE CAR AND BURST INTO THE MOUNTAIN SHACK


WE DON'T NEED NUTHIN'... LEAST OF ALL YOUR POKIN' YOUR NOSE IN HERE! NOW, GIT! GIT, AFORE I LET YUH HAVE BOTH BARRELS OF THIS SHOTGUN!
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, VENABLE! IF YOUR WIFE HAS A TUMOR, SHE NEEDS MEDICAL HELP. COMPETENT MEDICAL HELP!

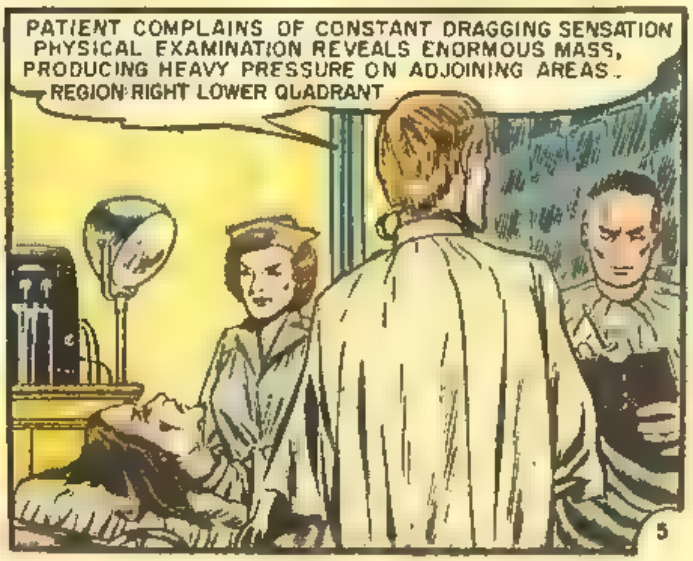

IT'S NO USE TALKIN' SENSE T'HIM, DOCTOR! I TRIED THAT! DROP IT, PA! DROP THAT SHOTGUN! THE DOCTOR'S GONNA LOOK AFTER MA!
JENNIE! MY OWN FLESH AN' BLOOD TURNIN' ON ME .


SHE'S NOT TURNING ON YOU, MR. VENABLE! SHE HAS THE GOOD SENSE TO REALIZE THAT YOUR WIFE'S ONLY CHANCE LIES IN BEING GIVEN MEDICAL ATTENTION... AT ONCE!
GO AHEAD, DOCTOR! TAKE HER! I'LL COVER PA!

MOMENTS LATER, A CAR ROARED DOWN THE WINDING MOUNTAIN ROAD ..


I REGRET PUTTIN' A GUN ON PA, BUT I HAD TO, MA! THERE WAS NO OTHER WAY!
YOUR PA WILL BE FUMIN'..GASP JENNIE! HE'LL... COME AFTER US!
WE'LL HAVE A GOOD FOUR HOUR JUMP ON HIM, MRS. VENABLE! IN THAT TIME, WE CAN DO A LOT FOR YOU!

AT CAMVILLE GENERAL HOSPITAL, HENRIETTA VENABLE WAS ADMITTED AND AN EXAMINATION WAS MADE...


PATIENT COMPLAINS OF CONSTANT DRAGGING SENSATION PHYSICAL EXAMINATION REVEALS ENORMOUS MASS, PRODUCING HEAVY PRESSURE ON ADJOINING AREAS. REGION RIGHT LOWER QUADRANT

DOCTOR BENSON SHOOK HIS HEAD...

WE'VE GOT TO OPERATE AT ONCE! NOTIFY THE O.R. AND GET IN TOUCH WITH HANKEN FOR SURGERY... FROST FOR ANAESTHESIA! HAVE THE PATIENT PREPARED...

YES, DOCTOR!

42 MINUTES LATER, THE PATIENT WAS IN THE OPERATING ROOM AND THE TREATMENT OF HER APPENDICEAL ABSCESS BEGAN...

SCALPEL...

THE INCISION WAS MADE. HEMOSTATS, TIES, SPONGES WERE CALLED FOR AND APPLIED. ABSCESS WAS UNCOVERED.

WE'LL BEGIN DRAINING THE ABSCESS NOW! HOW'S SHE DOING, FROST?

PULSE GOOD... BLOOD PRESSURE, ONE FIFTY OVER SEVENTY. NO CYANOSIS!

INSTRUMENTS SLAPPED AGAINST THE DOCTOR'S GLOVED HANDS: CLAMPS. SPONGE-STICKS. RETRACTORS... FORCEPS...

WE'RE READY TO SEPARATE THE INTESTINES FROM THE AREA! LAP-PADS...

TURN THIS WAY, DOCTOR! I'LL WIPE YOUR FOREHEAD!

THE ABSCESS WAS DRAINED. THE SURGEON EXPLORED THE ABDOMINAL CAVITY.

THE OTHER ORGANS APPEAR NORMAL. O.K.! WE'LL CLOSE HER UP! YOU CAN START LETTING HER OUT OF IT, FROST!

RIGHT..

THE INCISION WAS CLOSED, SUTURED, AND CLIPPED..

DONE! YOU CAN TAKE HER ON DOWN! JUST FOR INSURANCE, GIVE HER AN INFUSION!

YES, DOCTOR!

DOCTOR BENSON STEPPED INTO THE WAITING ROOM WHERE JENNIE VENABLE WAS PACING THE FLOOR NERVOUSLY

YOUR MOTHER IS GOING TO BE *FINE*, JENNIE! YOU'LL BE ABLE TO *SEE* HER IN A FEW HOURS!

I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU, DOCTOR BUT . BUT WHAT ABOUT *PA?* HE'LL *BE* HERE BY THEN! WHAT'LL I *DO?*

JUST TAKE HIM UP, AND LET HIM SEE HIS *WIFE*, JENNIE! LET HIM SEE THAT HE WON'T HAVE TO THINK ABOUT *KILLING* HER TO PUT HER OUT OF HER MISERY ANYMORE!

TWO HOURS LATER, A DUST-CAKED, GRIM-FACED ANGRY MAN STRODE THROUGH THE ENTRANCE OF THE CAMVILLE GENERAL HOSPITAL BRANDISHING A LOADED SHOTGUN...

PA!

WHERE IS HE!? WHERE'S THAT .. THAT DOCTOR? I'LL KILL HIM!

PA! MA'S ALL RIGHT! SHE'S WAITIN' T'SEE YOU!

I'LL KILL HIM .F'N IT'S THE LAST THIN- ...HUH?" SHE'S ... SHE'S ALL RIGHT!

THEY OPERATED ON HER, PA! THEY TOOK OUT THE CANCER! SHE'S GONNA LIVE WITHOUT PAIN!

YOU RE *LYIN'!* YOU RE NOT TELLIN' ME THE *TRUTH!* NOBODY COULD FIX 'ER UP! NOT THE *OLD CRONE*.. OR *OL' MAN* .OR *THE MIDWIFE* .

PA! THEY WASN'T *DOCTORS!* C'MON! I'LL TAKE YOU *TO* HER! *YOU'LL* SEE!

THAT EVENING, WHEN HAROLD BENSON, M D , STOPPED BY THE HOSPITAL

GOOD EVENING! ER DO I NEED A *POLICE GUARD!*

OH, *DOCTOR!* NO! *NO!* *COME* IN! *PA'S* NOT ANGRY *ANY-MORE!*

I I ACTED LIKE A *BLASTED IDYUT*, DOC! I'M SHORE *SORRY!*

I'M ONLY SORRY YOU DIDN'T BRING HER TO ME *SOONER*, VENABLE. SHE MIGHT HAVE BEEN *SPARED* A LOT OF *PAIN!* BUT IT'S LUCKY WE *CAUGHT* IT *WHEN* WE DID! ANOTHER FEW DAYS AND SHE MIGHT HAVE DIED..

DON'T YOU WORRY, DOC! I'M A-GOIN' T'SPREAD THE WORD IN THE HILLS! WHEN YOU GO TO A *QUACK*...YOU'RE A *DEAD DUCK!*

THE END

THE NEEDLES

Dear Editors,

The fight for life, the sustenance of life by capable benefactors, and the science that goes hand in hand with it has always been, to me, one of the most interesting and dramatic of human endeavors. The modern M.D., with extensive training and calm, quick, sure ability is as much a necessity today as food and drink. You at E.C. have done it again. You've put out a great mag, one that makes a person thank the Lord above that there are a few people who love humanity enough to help anyone, anytime, anywhere, and be satisfied with that accomplishment though they usually receive the smallest of payment or reward in return.

Keith Nutt
Midland, Texas

...An ignorant public is a fearful public. When we know nothing about disease, we fear it. Through your wonderful new magazine, young people all over will have the opportunity to learn more about disease. E.C. wins the "Oscar" again.

Linda Lave
Philadelphia, Pa.

I have read E.C. magazine exclusively for several years. The E.C. SEAL has been sufficient assurance for me to buy. The first issue of "M.D." was very interesting to me. It can become a great magazine. Adults have little time to read these days, so there is no reason at all why a mature comic like "M.D." cannot be successful.

D. E. Sullivan
Tobyhanna, Pa.

I've never been so enthusiastic about a magazine until this one came out.

Richard Feinstein
Brooklyn, N. Y.

I don't remember ever reading such a wonderful magazine as this one. I checked a few facts and your book transfers the information accurately.

Roger Seymann
New York City

. My mother has finally found a comic book she likes. She read "M.D." and said she was really touched by its stories. Her sentiments go double for me.

Jack Glass
Royal Oak, Mich.

"M.D." left me speechless.

R. Dorman
Buffalo, N. Y.

. Your competitors will be tearing their hair out trying to imitate this one.

Wayne Komer
Ontario, Canada

. . If they gave out "Oscars" for the best comic book story, "Janie Someday" in your first issue would surely get it. And the rest of the stories were great. They were authentic and true to life. I can't see how "M.D." can fail to click with old and new E.C. fans.

Robert Logan
Waltham, Mass.

. . The story I liked was "The Antidote." I had my appendix out when I was twelve and your story was so real. It happened to me almost the same way! "M.D." is the greatest comic book out.

Richard Mendoza
Los Angeles, Calif.

..."M.D." is by far the best literature I have ever been able to buy for ten cents.

Albert Kirsch
Brooklyn, N. Y.

. I showed "M.D." to my mother and she said that this is the best comic she ever saw. She told me that if this is what E.C. is publishing, I can buy all I want, and she'll never put up a squawk. With stories like "Janie Someday" and the rest in No. 1, you can't help hitting the top.

Dennis Rullo
Astoria, L. I.

...I can't get my mind off it. I am going to tell all my friends about your wonderful magazine.

Jean Woolley
Port Clinton, Ohio

I have just finished my second reading of "M.D.". A "New Direction" was certainly needed in your industry and I feel your attempts commendable. I work in a hospital. Maybe that is why I thought your magazine especially praiseworthy. For the first time, I have recommended a comic magazine to my parents and expect their approval. Thanks for daring to crash the market of trash!

Mary O'Connor
Pawtucket, R. I.

...I was surprised to find such a vast amount of medicinal knowledge inside a ten-cent book. This new type of comic magazine far surpasses any of the other junk put out. Keep putting out books like "M.D." and maybe the idea people have against comic magazines will change for the better.

John C. Gallagher
Philadelphia, Pa.

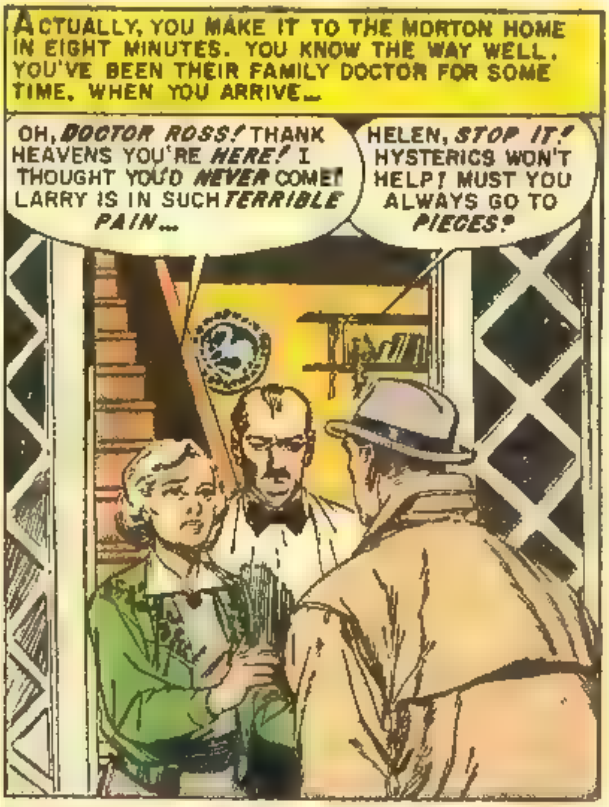
Well, we're just about ran out of space. The address for criticisms, compliments, suggestions, etc. is:

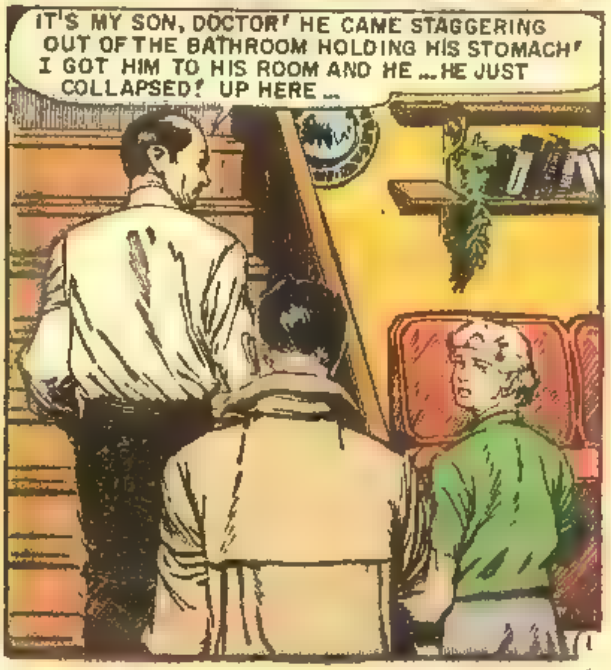
The Editors
M.D.
Room 706, Dept. 3
225 Lafayette St.
New York 12, N. Y.

SHOCK TREATMENT

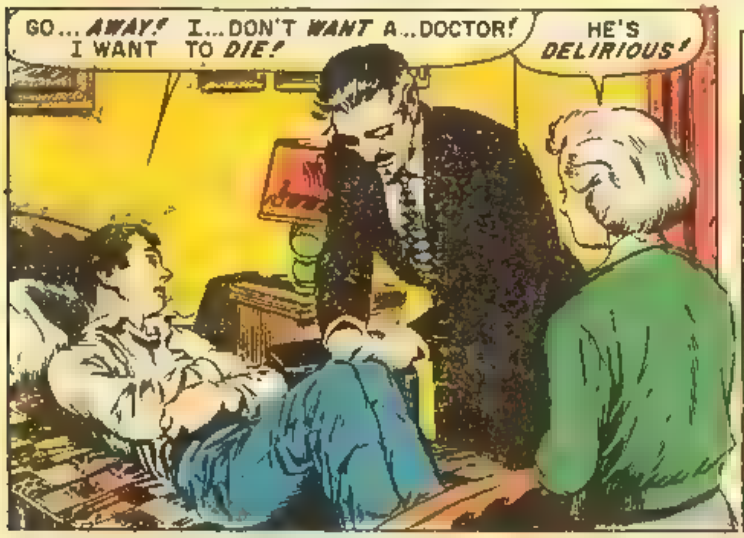
DIAGNOSIS: *Reactive Depression* PROCEDURE: *Electro-Shock Therapy*

YOUR NAME IS ARNOLD ROSS. YOU'RE A DOCTOR OF MEDICINE. THE CALL COMES AS YOU ARE ABOUT TO LEAVE THE HOME OF A PATIENT. IT IS GREY OUTSIDE. RAW. SOMEHOW, IT'S FITTING THAT THIS PARTICULAR CASE SHOULD BEGIN ON A DARK, DREARY DAY. BUT YOU HAVE NO INKLING OF THAT, AS YET. WHEN YOUR NURSE'S CRISP MESSAGE COMES OVER THE PHONE, YOU RESPOND WITH THE SAME BRISK, CRISP EFFICIENCY..
EMERGENCY? THE MORTON FAMILY? YES, I'M THROUGH HERE! I'LL BE THERE IN TEN MINUTES!

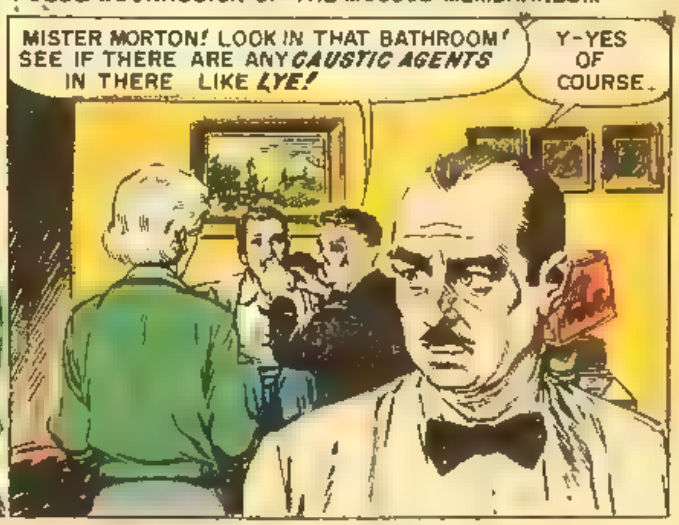

ACTUALLY, YOU MAKE IT TO THE MORTON HOME IN EIGHT MINUTES. YOU KNOW THE WAY WELL. YOU'VE BEEN THEIR FAMILY DOCTOR FOR SOME TIME. WHEN YOU ARRIVE...
OH, DOCTOR ROSS! THANK HEAVENS YOU'RE HERE! I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER COME! LARRY IS IN SUCH TERRIBLE PAIN...
HELEN, STOP IT! HYSTERICS WON'T HELP! MUST YOU ALWAYS GO TO PIECES?


IT'S MY SON, DOCTOR! HE CAME STAGGERING OUT OF THE BATHROOM HOLDING HIS STOMACH! I GOT HIM TO HIS ROOM AND HE...HE JUST COLLAPSED! UP HERE...

YOUNG MORTON LIES ON THE CRUMPLED BEDDING. YOU KNOW HIM AS A QUIET BOY .. SHY, RETIRING. HE LOOKS UP AT YOU AND HIS PAIN-FILLED EYES ARE HOSTILE..



NO, YOU DON'T THINK YOUNG MORTON IS DELIRIOUS! NOT IN THE SENSE HIS MOTHER MEANS! YOU CHECK HIM QUICKLY. SHALLOW RESPIRATION. RAPID AND FEEBLE PULSE .. CORROSION OF THE MUCOUS MEMBRANES...

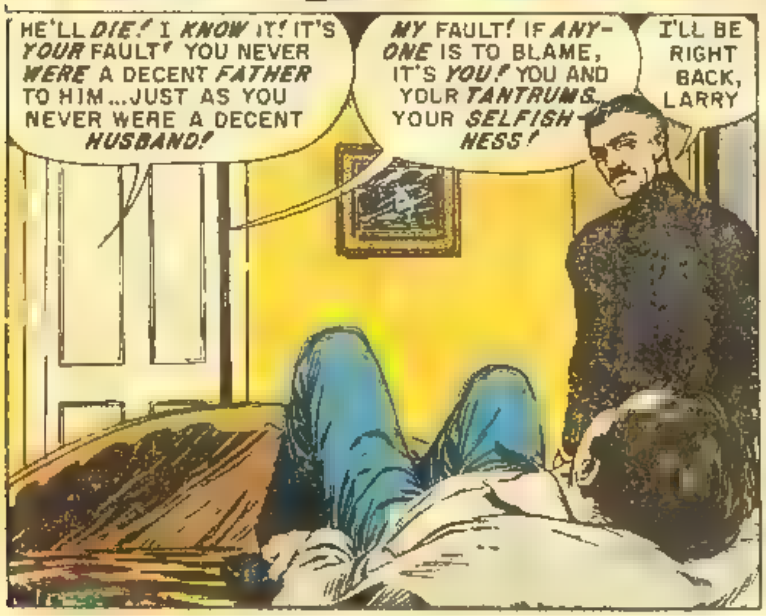


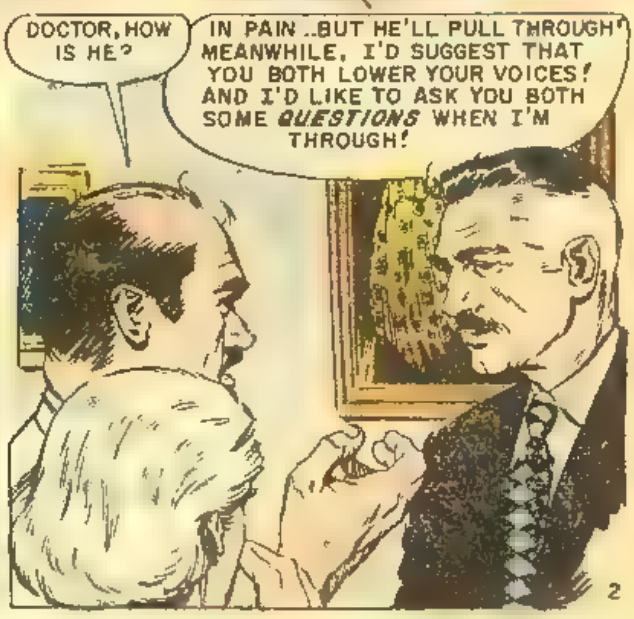
MORTON RUSHES OUT. YOU'RE ALMOST CERTAIN OF WHAT HE'LL FIND. WHEN HE RETURNS, YOU'RE NOT SURPRISED AT ALL ...

CAUSTIC SODA, EH? SODIUM HYDROXIDE! I THOUGHT SO! IT SEEMS YOUR SON HAS ATTEMPTED TO COMMIT SUICIDE!
SUICIDE!? LARRY!? BUT .. BUT THAT'S CRAZY! IT CAN'T BE!

YOU ADMINISTER TANNIC ACID IN WATER. THEN A TWO-TENTHS SOLUTION OF POTASSIUM PERMANGANATE. IT ISN'T ENOUGH..

USE OF A STOMACH TUBE IS ALWAYS A RISK. IT COULD CAUSE GASTRIC PERFORATION. BUT YOU HAVE NO CHOICE! YOU USE IT .AND YOU WIN YOUR BATTLE


HE'LL DIE! I KNOW IT! IT'S YOUR FAULT! YOU NEVER WERE A DECENT FATHER TO HIM ... JUST AS YOU NEVER WERE A DECENT HUSBAND!
MY FAULT! IF ANYONE IS TO BLAME, IT'S YOU! YOU AND YOUR TANTRUMS, YOUR SELFISHNESS!
I'LL BE RIGHT BACK, LARRY


DOCTOR, HOW IS HE?
IN PAIN .. BUT HE'LL PULL THROUGH! MEANWHILE, I'D SUGGEST THAT YOU BOTH LOWER YOUR VOICES! AND I'D LIKE TO ASK YOU BOTH SOME QUESTIONS WHEN I'M THROUGH!

LATER, YOU ASK YOUR QUESTIONS... AND YOU GET THE ANSWERS YOU'D EXPECTED. THE PATIENT HAS BEEN MOODY... SUBMISSIVE... PREOCCUPIED WITH SCHOOL WORK...

I SEE TELL ME, HAVE YOU NOTICED ANY *CHANGES* IN HIM RECENTLY? DOES HE *STOOP... SLEEP POORLY... AVOID PHYSICAL ACTIVITY?*

WHY.. YES! I'VE NOTICED *ALL* OF THOSE THINGS .LATELY!

BUT . BUT DOCTOR! I DON'T *UNDERSTAND!* LARRY *HAS* EVERYTHING! WHY SHOULD HE WANT TO *DIE?*

BECAUSE I'M AFRAID YOUR SON IS SUFFERING FROM *ACUTE REACTIVE DEPRESSION*, MR MORTON! HE'S *MENTALLY ILL!* HE NEEDS *PSYCHIATRIC CARE! IMMEDIATELY!*

YOU STATE YOUR DIAGNOSIS BLUNTLY. IT'S BETTER THAT WAY, SOMETIMES. AFTER A WHILE MORTON NODS, DAZED... AND YOU MAKE YOUR CALL...

ELEVEN A.M. TOMORROW? GOOD! THANK YOU, DOCTOR! I'LL MEET YOU HERE!

THE PSYCHIATRIST, DOCTOR ROLAND ANDERSON, THE MAN YOU CALL, IS ONE OF THE BEST IN HIS FIELD. NEXT DAY, HE SPENDS TWO HOURS WITH YOUNG LARRY.. AND CONFIRMS YOUR DIAGNOSIS...

A. *HOSPITAL?* BUT, *DOCTOR!* CAN'T *WE* TAKE CARE OF HIM *HERE?* HE'S NOT *DANGEROUS*, IS HE?

ONLY TO *HIMSELF!* MR. MORTON, *FORGIVE* THIS QUESTION, BUT, WHAT KIND OF A *HOME LIFE* HAS YOUR SON HAD?

WHAT I MEAN IS.. WELL... *USUALLY* MANIC-DEPRESSIVES ARE INFLUENCED BY *ENVIRONMENT!* THEY *ASSOCIATE* THEMSELVES WITH THE UNHAPPINESS OF *OTHERS! PARENTS*, MOSTLY

I *SEE!* THEN... *THAT'S* WHAT *CAUSED* IT! MY WIFE.. AND I *AREN'T*... VERY HAPPY.. TOGETHER!

BUT THERE MUST BE *MORE* TO IT THAN *THAT!* DOCTOR! CAN YOU *HELP* HIM?

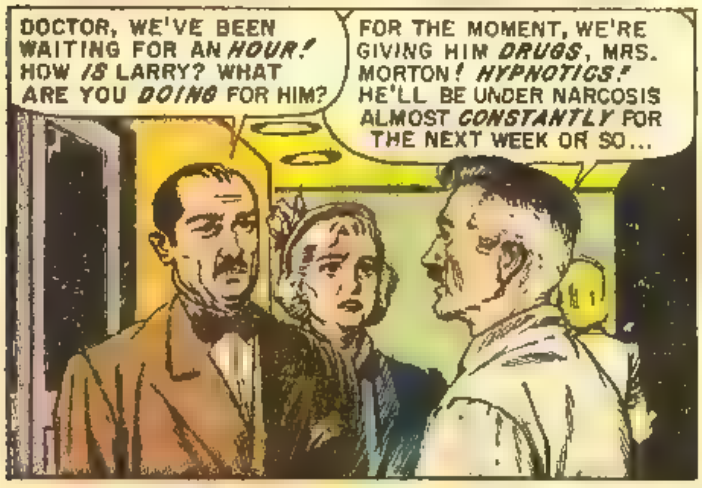
WE'LL HELP HIM, MISTER MORTON! YOUR SON CAN BE *CURED!* BUT NOT *HERE! NEXT* TIME.. HIS ATTEMPT AT SUICIDE MIGHT *SUCCEED!* I'M AFRAID *HOSPITALIZATION* IS THE *ONLY ANSWER*...

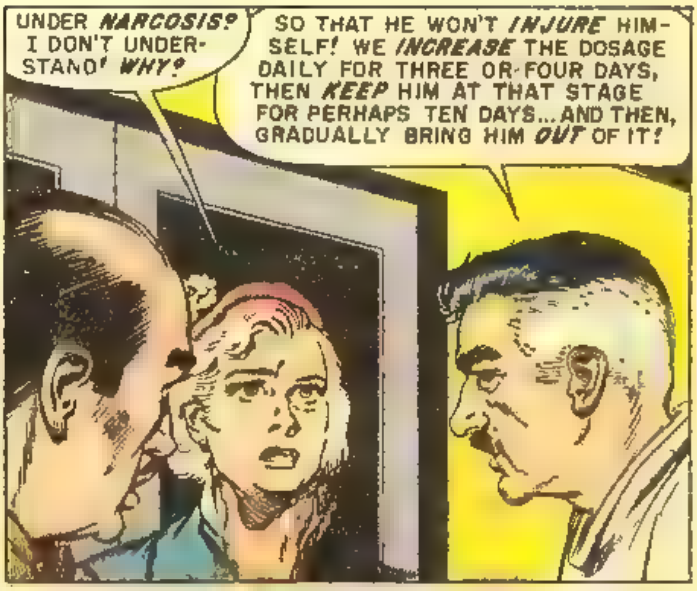
THE PATIENT IS REMOVED FROM HIS HOME AND TAKEN IN THE HOSPITAL. YOU AND ANDERSON BEGIN TREATMENT...

CHLORAL HYDRATE, TWO GRAMS. BARBITAL, THREE-TENTHS GRAM. PARALDEHYDE, SIX CC'S. ANYTHING ELSE, DOCTOR?

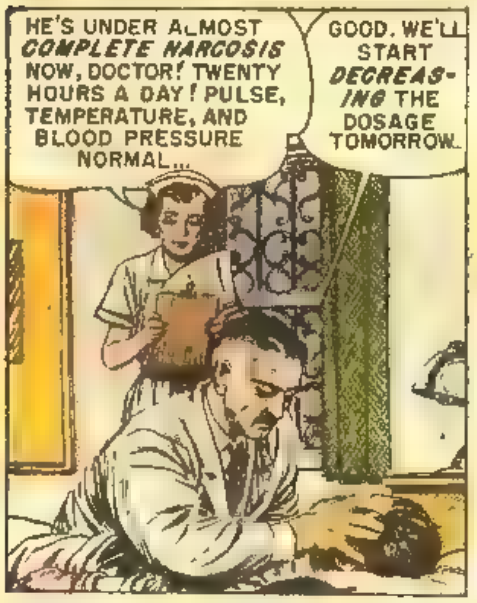
NOT FOR THE PRESENT! ADMINISTER THE DOSAGE EVERY THREE HOURS!

USUALLY, MANIC-DEPRESSION STRIKES BETWEEN THE AGES OF TWENTY-FIVE AND THIRTY-FIVE. BUT NOT ALWAYS. SO NOW YOU HAVE YOUR DIAGNOSIS AND YOU'VE BEGUN TREATMENT. BUT WHAT ABOUT THE CAUSE?


DOCTOR, WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR AN *HOUR!* HOW *IS* LARRY? WHAT ARE YOU *DOING* FOR HIM?
FOR THE MOMENT, WE'RE GIVING HIM *DRUGS*, MRS. MORTON! *HYPNOTICS!* HE'LL BE UNDER NARCOSIS ALMOST *CONSTANTLY* FOR THE NEXT WEEK OR SO...

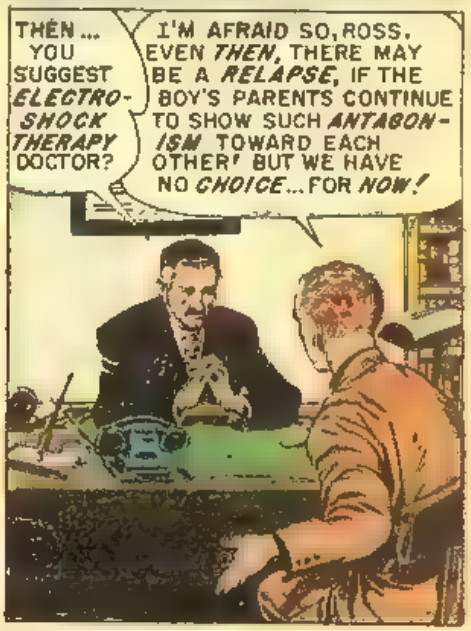

UNDER *NARCOSIS?* I DON'T UNDERSTAND! *WHY?*
SO THAT HE WON'T *INJURE* HIMSELF! WE *INCREASE* THE DOSAGE DAILY FOR THREE OR FOUR DAYS, THEN *KEEP* HIM AT THAT STAGE FOR PERHAPS TEN DAYS... AND THEN, GRADUALLY BRING HIM *OUT* OF IT!

YOU EXPLAIN AS BEST YOU CAN, BUT YOU'RE THINKING... THESE ARE THE REAL PATIENTS .. THE CAUSATIVES! YOU ONLY HOPE THAT, IN THE NEXT WEEKS, YOU CAN UNDO THE DAMAGE THEY'VE DONE...

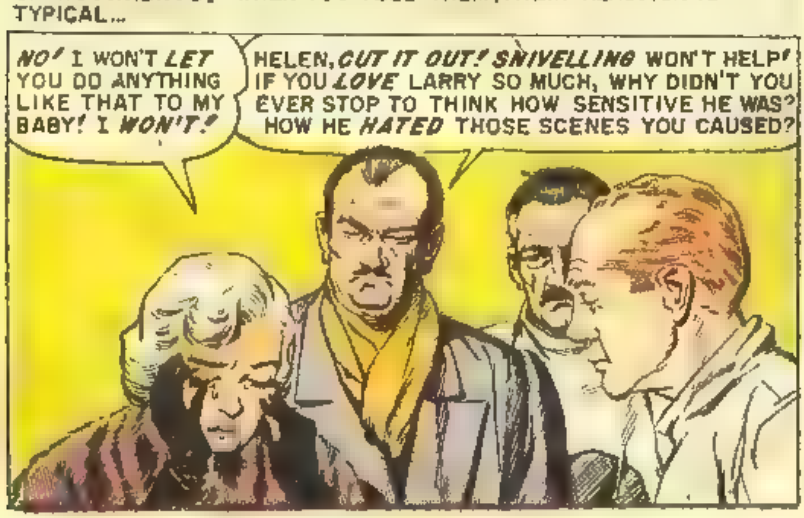

HE'S UNDER ALMOST *COMPLETE NARCOSIS* NOW, DOCTOR! TWENTY HOURS A DAY! PULSE, TEMPERATURE, AND BLOOD PRESSURE NORMAL...
GOOD. WE'LL START *DECREASING* THE DOSAGE TOMORROW.

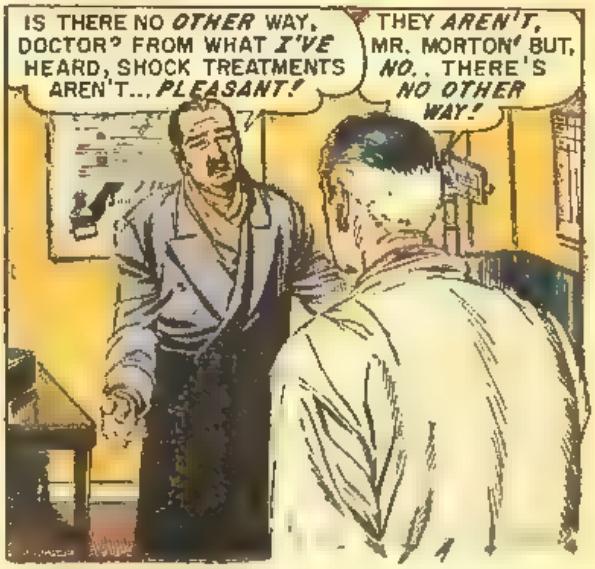
ON THE FIFTEENTH DAY, THE PATIENT IS BROUGHT OUT OF HIS STUPOR. THEN, DR. ANDERSON TAKES OVER...

PSYCHOTHERAPY CAN BE STARTED AT THIS POINT, BUT ONLY IF THE NARCOSIS HAS INDUCED PARTIAL AMNESIA! DR. ANDERSON MAKES HIS TESTS AND THE RESULTS ARE NEGATIVE...

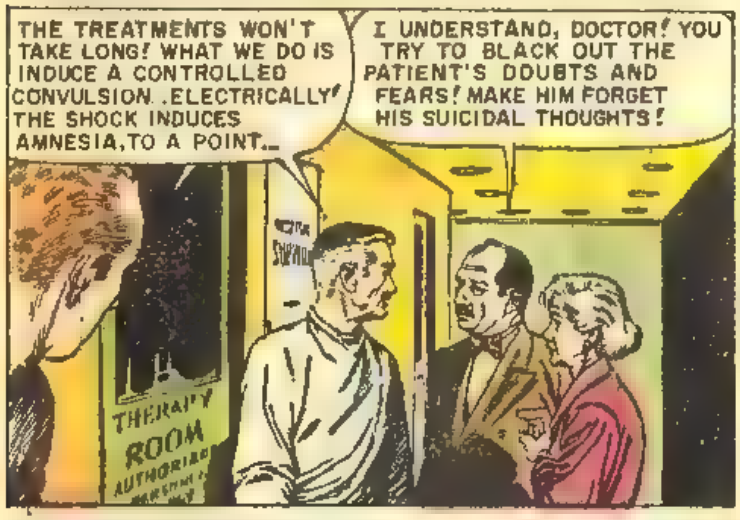

THEN... YOU SUGGEST *ELECTRO-SHOCK THERAPY* DOCTOR?
I'M AFRAID SO, ROSS. EVEN *THEN*, THERE MAY BE A *RELAPSE*, IF THE BOY'S PARENTS CONTINUE TO SHOW SUCH *ANTAGONISM* TOWARD EACH OTHER! BUT WE HAVE NO *CHOICE*... FOR *NOW!*

YOU'VE THOUGHT OF THAT, *TOO!* YOU MAY *CURE* THE BOY BUT WHAT OF HIS *PARENTS?* WHEN YOU TELL THEM, THEIR REACTION IS TYPICAL...


NO! I WON'T *LET* YOU DO ANYTHING LIKE THAT TO MY BABY! I *WON'T!*
HELEN, *CUT IT OUT! SNIVELLING* WON'T HELP! IF YOU *LOVE* LARRY SO MUCH, WHY DIDN'T YOU EVER STOP TO THINK HOW SENSITIVE HE WAS? HOW HE *HATED* THOSE SCENES YOU CAUSED?

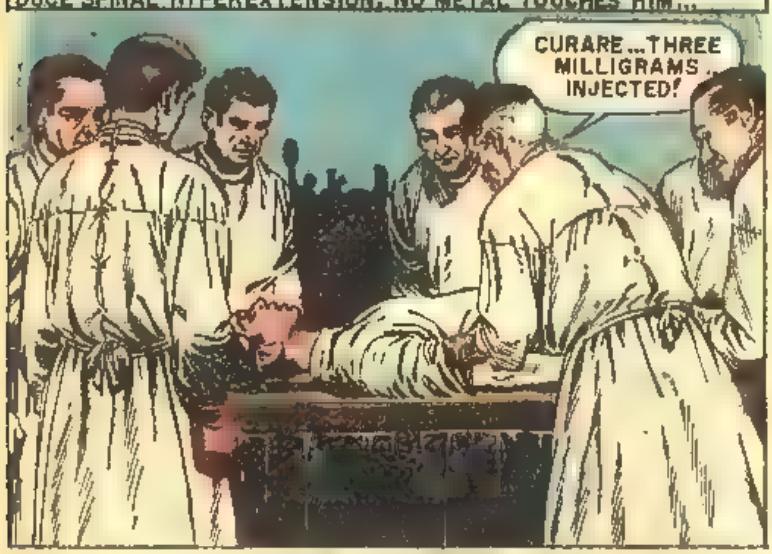

IS THERE NO *OTHER* WAY, DOCTOR? FROM WHAT *I'VE* HEARD, SHOCK TREATMENTS AREN'T... *PLEASANT!*
THEY *AREN'T*, MR. MORTON! BUT, *NO*.. THERE'S *NO OTHER WAY!*

ANDERSON STATES THE CASE BALDLY.. AND MORTON NODS WEAKLY IN CONSENT. THAT AFTERNOON, YOU ARRANGE FOR A TREATMENT ROOM, AND IN THE MORNING YOU TRY TO SOOTHE THE PARENTS' FEARS...


THE TREATMENTS WON'T TAKE LONG! WHAT WE DO IS INDUCE A CONTROLLED CONVULSION..ELECTRICALLY! THE SHOCK INDUCES AMNESIA,TO A POINT...
I UNDERSTAND, DOCTOR! YOU TRY TO BLACK OUT THE PATIENT'S DOUBTS AND FEARS! MAKE HIM FORGET HIS SUICIDAL THOUGHTS!
THERAPY ROOM
AUTHORIZED

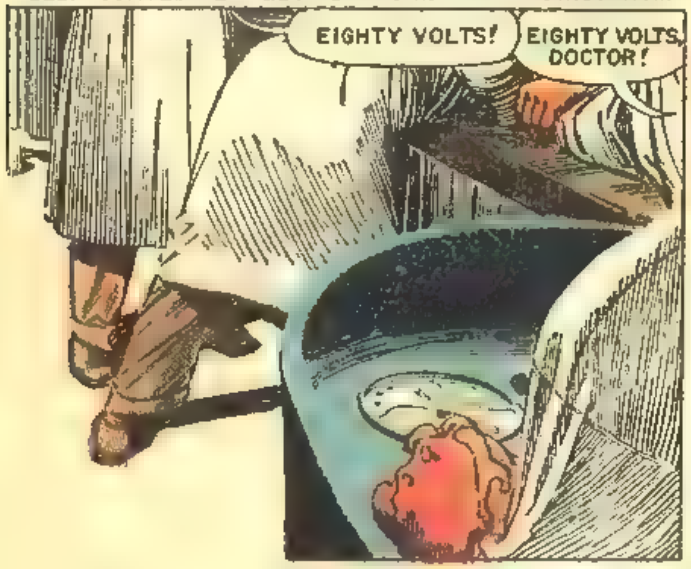
LET ME *BE THERE* WHEN YOU DO IT, DOCTOR? *PLEASE?*
NO, I'M AFRAID NOT, MISTER MORTON. YOU AND MRS. MORTON CAN WAIT OUT HERE! COMING, ROSS?
BOARD

ANDERSON STANDS ASIDE TO LET YOU PASS AND YOU STEP INTO THE THERAPY ROOM. EVERYTHING IS READY. THE BOY LIES ON A RESILIENT BUT RIGID PAD, A PILLOW UNDER HIS SPINE TO INDUCE SPINAL HYPEREXTENSION. NO METAL TOUCHES HIM...

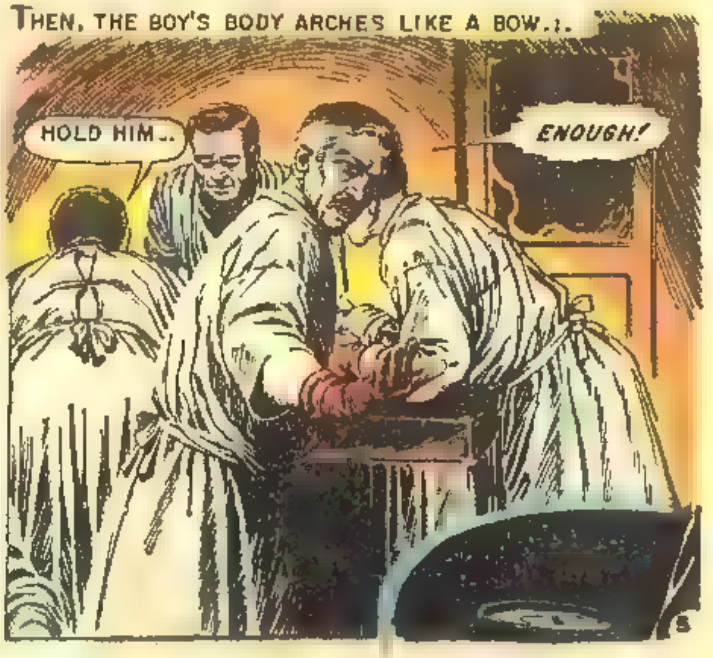


THE PATIENT LIES QUIET... APATHETIC...WHILE YOU INJECT CURARE TO REDUCE MUSCULAR SPASM. A PAD IS PLACED IN HIS MOUTH TO PROTECT HIS TEETH AND TONGUE. THEN...

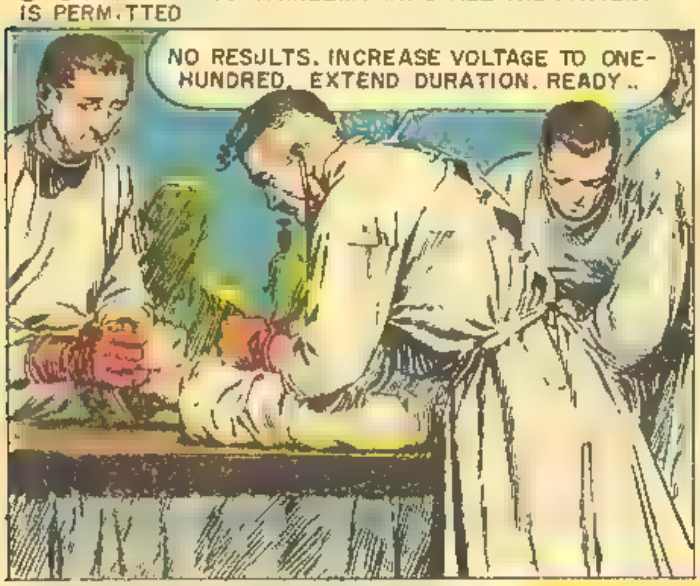
LARRY DOES NOT MOVE WHEN THE ELECTRODES ARE APPLIED TO HIS WASHED, ELECTROLYTIC-CONDUCTING JELLY-COATED TEMPLES. BUT ONLY FOR AN INSTANT...

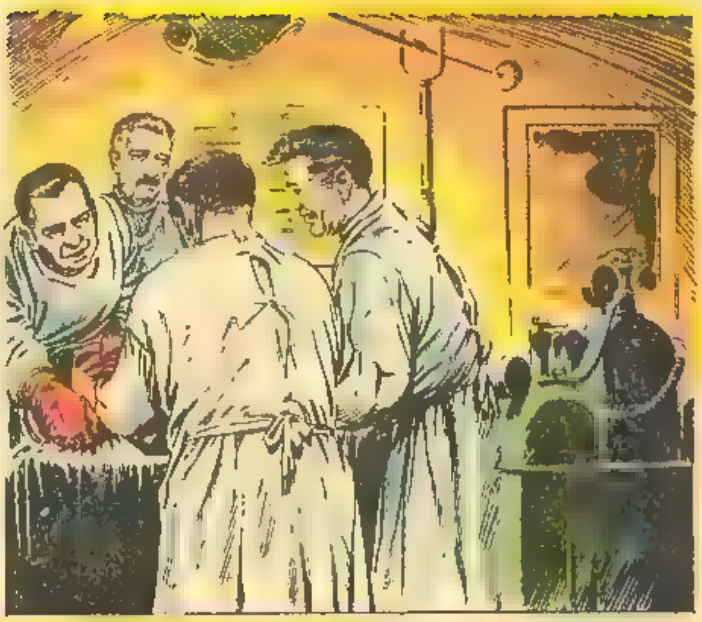


THEN, THE BOY'S BODY ARCHES LIKE A BOW..!.

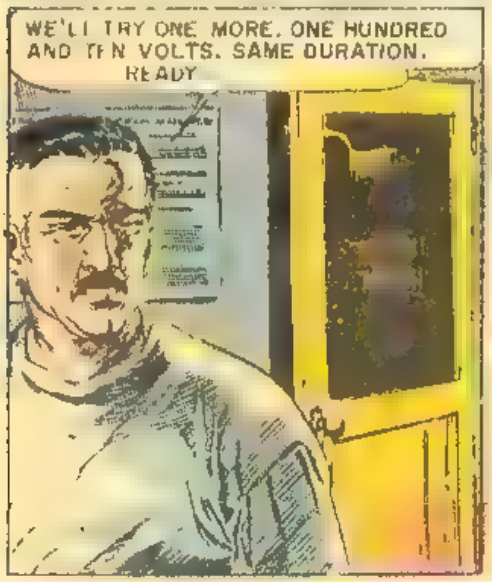


ONE BREATH .TWO..THREE...THAT'S ALL THE PATIENT IS PERM.TTED





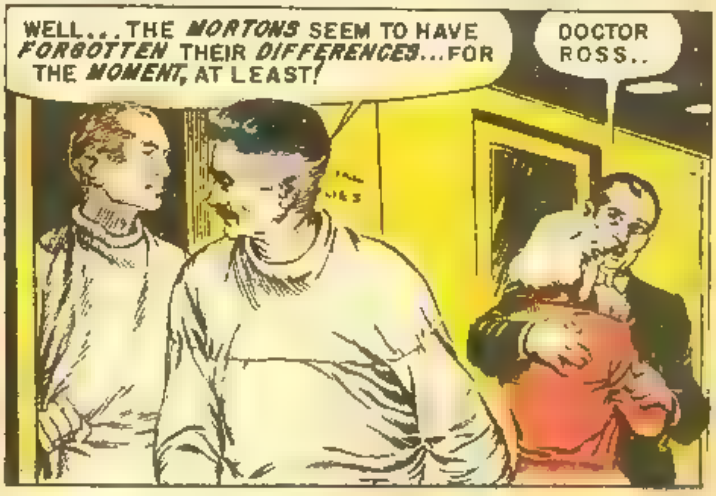
THE SECOND SHOCK SHOWS RESULTS. THE EXTENSOR MUSCLES GO RIGID. THEN THERE IS CONTRACTION OF THE FLEX-ORS.

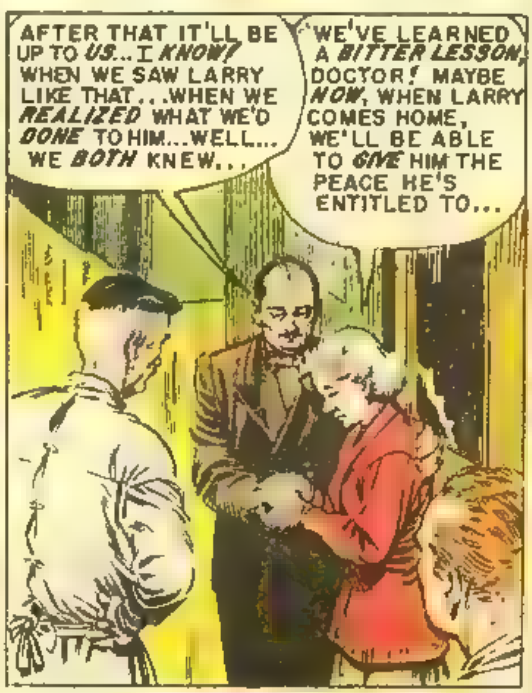


SOMEHOW, ANDERSON HAD LEFT THE DOOR UNLATCHED. BUT IT'S OVER NOW. YOU MASSAGE HIS ABDOMINAL MUSCLES TO AID RESPIRATION. AND THEN YOU STAND ASIDE...

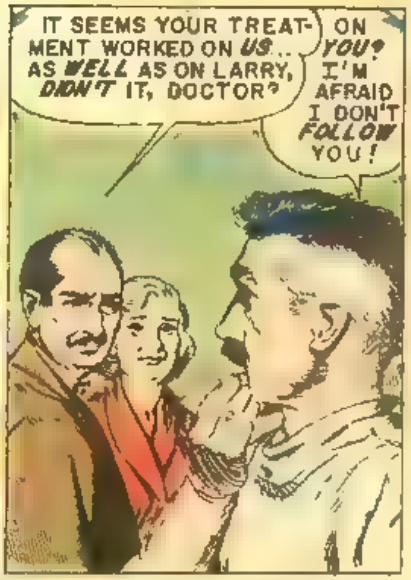
...CAN'T... REMEMBER..
AMNESIA! PROBABLY TEMPORARY! BUT ADDITIONAL TREATMENT SHOULD MAKE HIM *FORGET* MOST OF HIS *PSYCHOTIC IDEAS!* I THINK HE'LL BE *ALL RIGHT!*

THE PATIENT ISN'T CURED. NOT YET. BUT HE WILL BE. ANDERSON HAS ENOUGH KNOW-HOW TO BE CERTAIN. AN ATTENDANT REMAINS WITH YOUNG MORTON AND YOU GO INTO THE CORRIDOR...




AFTER THAT IT'LL BE UP TO *US*... I *KNOW!* WHEN WE SAW LARRY LIKE THAT... WHEN WE *REALIZED* WHAT WE'D *DONE* TO HIM... WELL... WE *BOTH* KNEW...
WE'VE LEARNED A *BITTER LESSON*, DOCTOR! MAYBE *NOW*, WHEN LARRY COMES HOME, WE'LL BE ABLE TO *GIVE* HIM THE PEACE HE'S ENTITLED TO...

THE MORTONS CLING TO EACH OTHER. BUT AFTER A WHILE, THE MAN TURNS TO DOCTOR ANDERSON...



YOU *KNEW* WE'D TRY TO SEE WHAT WAS *HAPPENING* TO LARRY, *DIDN'T* YOU? THAT WAS YOUR WAY OF TREATING *US!* WE NEEDED SHOCK TREATMENT, *TOO*, DIDN'T WE? SO YOU LEFT THAT *DOOR* UNLOCKED.. *ON PURPOSE!*
DID I? WELL.. SUPPOSE WE PUT IT *DIFFERENTLY*, MR. MORTON? SUPPOSE WE CALL IT A... *FORTUNATE ACCIDENT*, AND LET IT GO AT *THAT*?
MARIE'S OWN Laundeau SERVICE

ANDERSON SMILES, AND YOU WONDER, *WAS* IT AN ACCIDENT... OR *WASN'T* IT? A COMPETENT PSYCHIATRIST... MAKING AN OVERSIGHT LIKE THAT. LEAVING THE DOOR OF A THERAPY ROOM UNLATCHED? YES, YOU WONDER..

THE PIONEER

A Hungarian doctor with the unprepossessing name of Ignaz Philipp Semmelweiss was the pioneer in a movement that faced greater and graver dangers than any frontiersman. Not only did he risk his life in his work, but also the scorn and condemnation of his colleagues.

When Semmelweiss graduated from the University of Vienna and was awarded his medical degree, there was an appalling ignorance among doctors in many areas of medicine. None, however was so shameful and so tragic as the deaths occurring among new born babies and mothers from what was then known as puerparal fever. Today we know and recognize this condition as infection caused by insanitary methods. But more than a hundred years ago, sanitation was primitive and the whole idea of asepsis and antiseptic precautions was almost unknown.

Doctors would handle an infected patient and then after a cursory washing of the hands with soap and water would turn to a newborn baby, or mother and spread the infection there. Semmelweiss was greatly affected by what he believed were useless and needless deaths. Especially after a friend of his died as a result of an infection, he turned all his thoughts and efforts to sanitization of sick room procedures.

At that time, Semmelweiss was on the staff of a maternity clinic owned by a doctor named Klein. This clinic had one of the worst mortality rates at birth among mothers and babies. The percentages ran above 12 per cent mortality in any given month.

Unknown to Klein, Semmelweiss, who had been placed in charge of the maternity ward began a series of reforms. He ordered all doctors, orderlies and nurses to wash their hands with a solution of chlorinated lime water before touching either mothers or babies. This was instituted in May, 1847 during which month the average of 12 per cent mortality was maintained. Before the end of the year it had fallen to 3.04 per cent and by the second year to 1.27 per cent.

Semmelweiss became the man of the hour. Honors were bestowed on him from all sides for having brought on such a miraculous transformation. For now, maternity clinics were no longer death traps but places where mothers and children had a reasonable hope of coming home However, Klein, a petty, vindicative man, was eaten with jealousy against Semmelweiss. At an opportune moment, he brought political pressure to bear and soon strong enemies rose against the pioneer doctor. Klein's influence was so great that Semmelweiss was driven from Vienna.

However, in Pest, Hungary, Semmelweiss was appointed head of the government maternity clinic. This place had an even higher mortality rate than Klein's clinic, but after seven years, Semmelweiss brought the death ratio down to less than one per cent. Ironically, this great and kind man died on August 17, 1865 of an infection of his right hand, the result of an accident, and so fell victim to the very disease he had given strength and fortune to destroy.

THE LESSON

DIAGNOSIS: *Fractured Skull* PROCEDURE: *Cranioplasty*

THE NIGHT IS RED-BROWN, HEAVY WITH RAIN. THERE IS NOTHING BUT ROAD AHEAD OF YOU, FRANK MARLEY... BLACK, SHINY, RAINSLICK ROAD GLISTENING IN THE WHITE, BRIGHT GLARE OF YOUR HEADLIGHTS. NOTHING AHEAD SAVE DARKNESS AND THAT STRAIGHT WIDE, INVITING ROAD...

YOU ARE YOUNG, FRANK MARLEY, AND THE NIGHT LENDS MAGIC, AND YOU HOLD THE POWER TO SEND A TWO TON MACHINE HURTLING INTO THE BLACKNESS. THIS COMBINATION OF MACHINE POWER AND FEARLESS YOUTH MAKES YOU *KING* OF THE NIGHT. AND EVE... PRETTY EVE BESIDE YOU... IS YOUR *QUEEN*

BUT COMES, THE CHALLENGE WITH A HARROWING SUDDENESS! WHAT *IS* IT, FRANK? AN UNSEEN *ROCK*? AN *OIL SLICK*? AN UNEXPECTED *CURVE*? WHAT SENDS YOUR RACING CAR *SPINNING*? WHERE IS YOUR *SURENESS OF YOUTH*. THE *MAGIC*...THE *POWER*? *VANISHED*. IN A HEARTBEAT'S MOMENT.

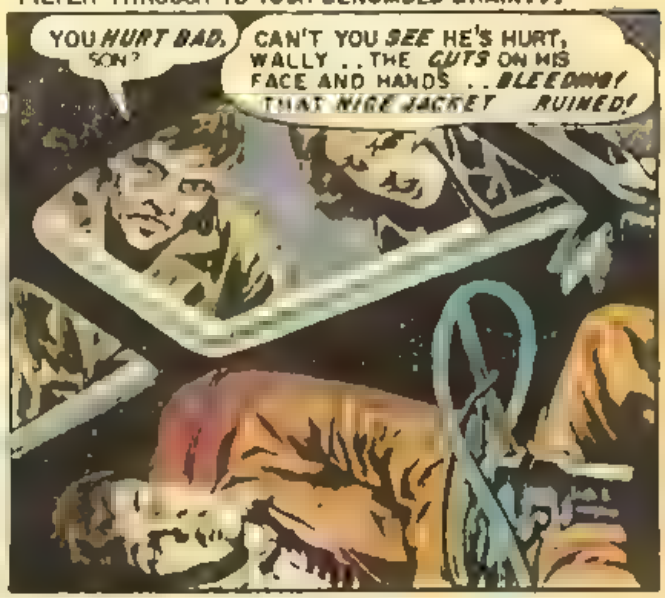
NOW THE NIGHT IS FILLED WITH THE SHRILL SQUEAL OF TIRES ON PAVEMENT. THE FRIGHT SCREAM OF A PRETTY GIRL. FRANTICALLY, YOUR YOUTHFUL REFLEXES FIGHT THE UNCONTROLLABLE THE INEVITABLE

THE IRRESISTABLE FORCE THAT HURLS TWO TONS OF MAN'S GENIUS AGAINST ONE OF NATURE'S ROADSIDE SENTINELS... *CRASHING SIDE ON WITH A DEAFENING ROAR...*

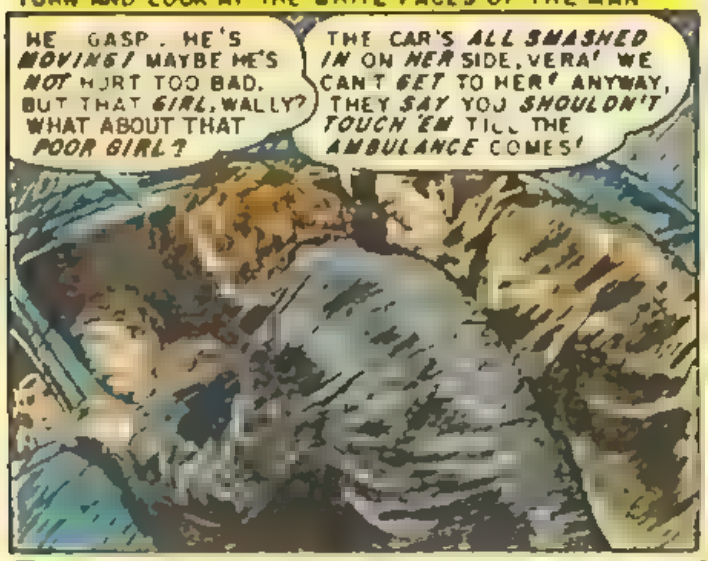
THE THUNDEROUS CACOPHONY OF THE CRASH OF STEEL AND GLASS COMES IN WAVES UNTIL YOU SINK INTO BLACK NOTHINGNESS. THEN, ALL IS SILENT...

So you don't see the house a few yards away. You don't see the lights go on . . or the man and his wife hurry out with black rubber raincoats over their night-clothes. You don't hear their frightened voices . .

Slowly you stir, Frank Marley, and the voices filter through to your benumbed brain...

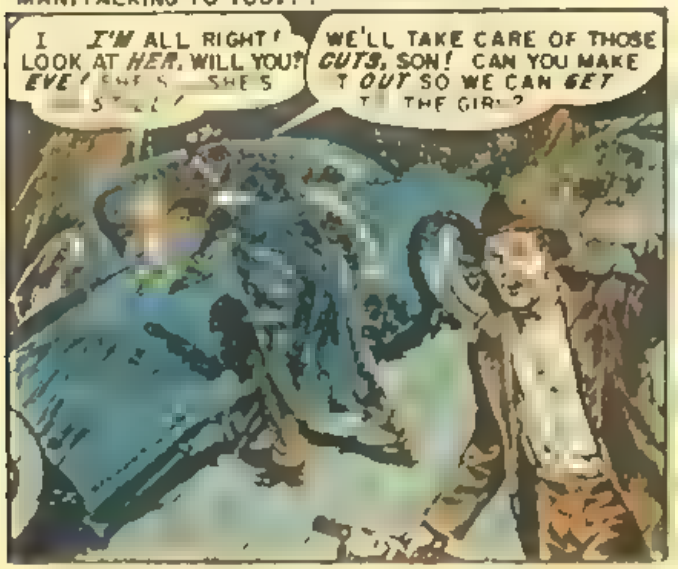


Cons . . sness ebbs back . . and soreness . . and pain. Your face aches. Your head lolls as you turn and look at the white faces of the man


HE GASP . HE'S MOVING! MAYBE HE'S NOT HURT TOO BAD. BUT THAT GIRL, WALLY? WHAT ABOUT THAT POOR GIRL?
THE CAR'S ALL SMASHED IN ON HER SIDE, VERA! WE CAN'T GET TO HER! ANYWAY, THEY SAY YOU SHOULDN'T TOUCH 'EM TILL THE AMBULANCE COMES!

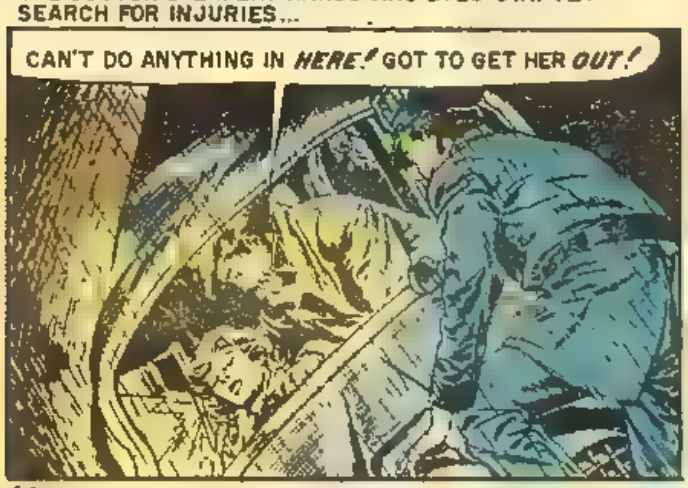
You turn your head again, Frank. You look at the still form beside you...

There is a distant whine of sirens . . closer . . till their screaming fills the night. Spotlights glare . . . the sounds of voices and hurried footsteps in the rain . . . a white-uniformed man, talking to you . . .



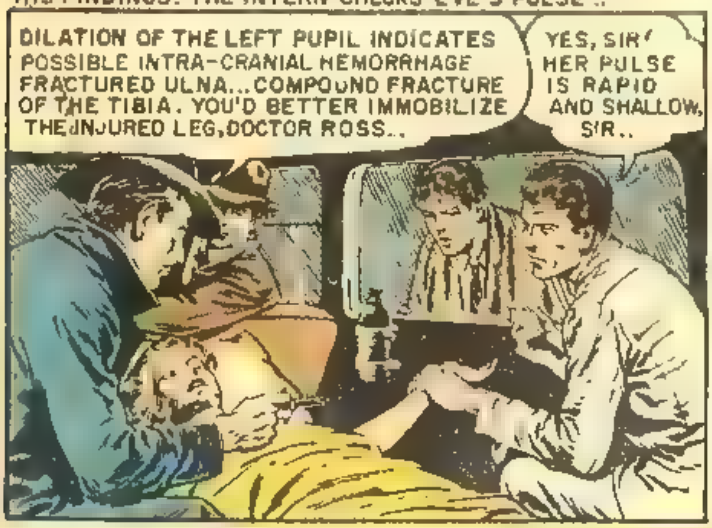
You're out of the wreck now, Frank. Your legs weak and trembling. But there's no real pain. Only a soreness about your hands and face. Somebody throws a blanket over your shoulders. Another white uniformed man approaches. Throws the beam of a flashlight on your face. You recognize him. Martin Somners, M.D. You try to talk but the intern at the wreck calls urgently. . .

THE INTERN STANDS ASIDE AS DOCTOR SOMNERS LEANS INTO THE WRECKED CAR. A PATROLMAN, KNEELING ON THE BATTERED HOOD, PLAYS HIS LIGHT THROUGH THE SHATTERED WINDSHIELD ON THE UNCONSCIOUS GIRL. THE DOCTOR'S EXPERT HANDS AND EYES SWIFTLY SEARCH FOR INJURIES...



YOU SHUDDER AS THEY BRING EVE OUT... AT THE SIGHT OF HER ASHEN FACE .. THE SEVERE WOUND ON HER TEMPLE ... THE BLOOD OOZING FROM HER NOSE. THE INTERN AND THE PATROLMAN LIFT HER BLANKET-COVERED BODY ONTO THE STRETCHER AND CARRY HER TO THE WAITING AMBULANCE..

YOU FOLLOW ANXIOUSLY, PEERING INTO THE AMBULANCE. DOCTOR SOMNERS INJECTS 1/4 GRAIN OF MORPHINE TO COUNTERACT SHOCK. IN A CRISP MONOTONE, HE VOICES HIS FINDINGS. THE INTERN CHECKS EVE'S PULSE ..


DILATION OF THE LEFT PUPIL INDICATES POSSIBLE INTRA-CRANIAL HEMORRHAGE FRACTURED ULNA... COMPOUND FRACTURE OF THE TIBIA. YOU'D BETTER IMMOBILIZE THE INJURED LEG, DOCTOR ROSS..
YES, SIR! HER PULSE IS RAPID AND SHALLOW, SIR..

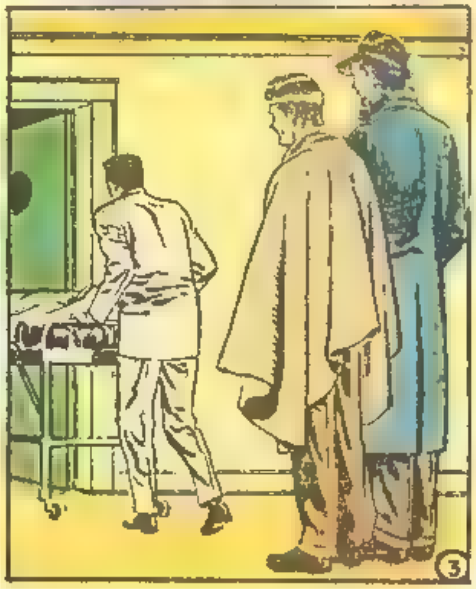
YOUR HEART POUNDS WITH AN UNEASY GLADNESS AT THE KNOWLEDGE THAT EVE IS ALIVE. DOCTOR SOMNERS COMES FROM THE AMBULANCE AND, GRASPING YOU BY THE ARM, LEADS YOU TO IT...

THE AMBULANCE MOVES RAPIDLY TOWARDS TOWN, ITS SIREN MOANING. DOCTOR SOMNERS CLEANS AND DRESSES YOUR CUTS, BUT THERE'S AN INNER WOUND HE CAN'T HELP YOU WITH, FRANK... A WOUND TO YOUR CONSCIENCE..

YOU HOPE FOR A CAUSTIC COMMENT FROM DOCTOR SOMNERS. HE SAYS NOTHING. YOU SUDDENLY WISH YOU'D BEEN *REALLY HURT... PUNISHED* SOMEHOW. YOU CAN ONLY TALK...

I *KNEW* BETTER! I WAS DOING *SIXTY* OR A *WET ROAD!* THEY OUGHT TO *ARREST* ME! A FELLOW'S GOT A *RIGHT* TO RISK HIS *OWN* LIFE... BUT *NOT* SOMEBODY *ELSE'S!* IF... IF EVE.. IF ANYTHING *HAPPENS* TO HER, I WANT THEM TO SEND ME TO *PRISON!*

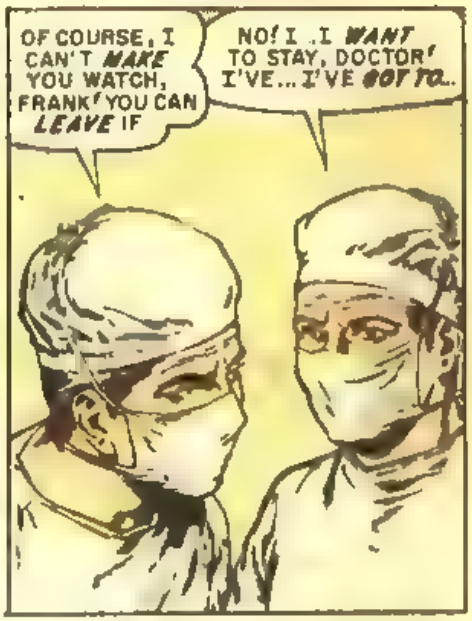
NO ONE ELSE SPEAKS, AND YOUR WORDS SOUND HOLLOW AND FLAT. THEN YOU SIT IN EMBARRASSED SILENCE TILL YOU GET TO THE HOSPITAL. YOU AND DOCTOR SOMNERS WATCH AS THEY RUSH EVE UP TO SURGERY..



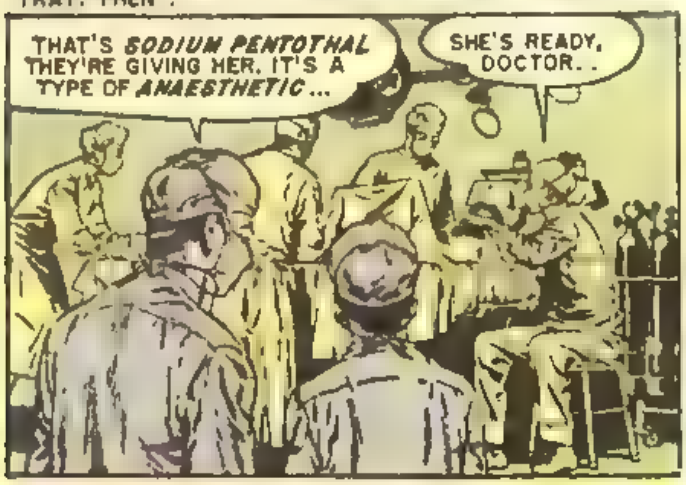
THEN, DOCTOR SOMNERS TURNS TO YOU. HIS FACE SHOWS WEARINESS, BUT HIS EYES ARE ALERT. HIS VOICE IS COMMANDING, YET IMPERSONAL.

HE LEADS YOU UPSTAIRS TO THE SCRUB-UP ROOM. YOU STAND MUTE, UNPROTESTING...NUMB WITH THE HELPLESSNESS OF YOUTH WHILE A NURSE PUTS A WHITE SURGEON'S GOWN ON YOU, THEN A CAP ON YOUR HEAD, FINALLY TYING A SURGICAL MASK OVER YOUR NOSE AND MOUTH...

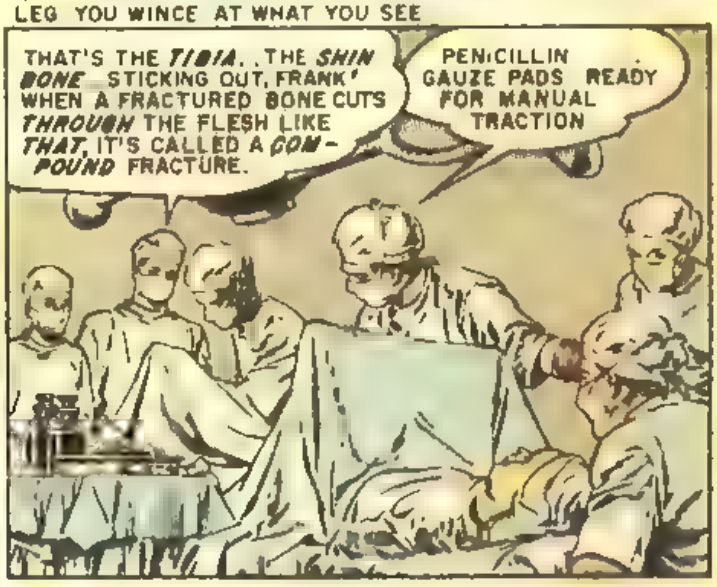
THIS, THEN, IS TO BE YOUR PUNISHMENT TO WITNESS THE MENDING OF A HUMAN BEING.. SHATTERED BY YOUR RECKLESSNESS...



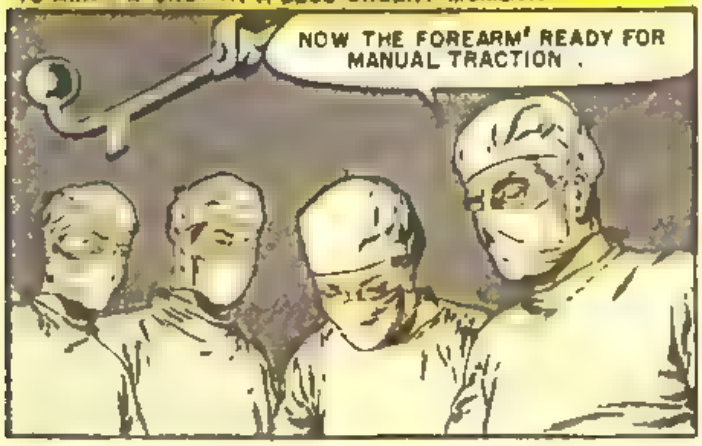
YOU STAND BESIDE DOCTOR SOMNERS, WATCHING THE EFFICIENT BUSTLING ABOUT THE OPERATING TABLE. THE ANAESTHETIST, READYING HIS APPARATUS — THE SURGEONS, QUIETLY WHISPERING. THE NURSE, AT HER STERILIZER, LIFTING THE STEAMING INSTRUMENTS TO THE TRAY. THEN.



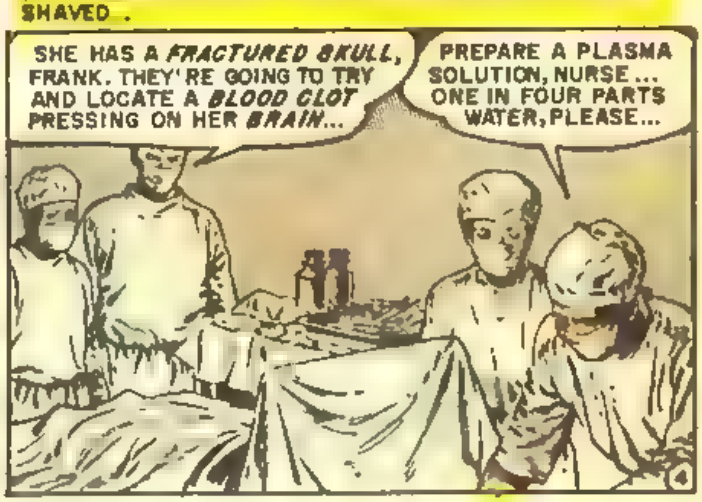
YOU WATCH THEM LIFT THE SHEET OFF HER FRACTURED LEG. YOU WINCE AT WHAT YOU SEE.


THAT'S THE TIBIA..THE SHIN BONE STICKING OUT, FRANK! WHEN A FRACTURED BONE CUTS THROUGH THE FLESH LIKE THAT, IT'S CALLED A COMPOUND FRACTURE.
PENICILLIN GAUZE PADS READY FOR MANUAL TRACTION

YOU WANT TO TURN AWAY, BUT YOU FORCE YOURSELF TO ENDURE YOUR PUNISHMENT. YOU WATCH THEM CLEAN THE GAPING TEAR, TREAT IT WITH PENICILLIN SOLUTION, THEN APPLY MANUAL TRACTION, DRAWING THE BONE INTO PLACE. THE FRACTURED LEG IS THEN SET IN SPLINTS TO AWAIT A CAST AT A LESS URGENT MOMENT.

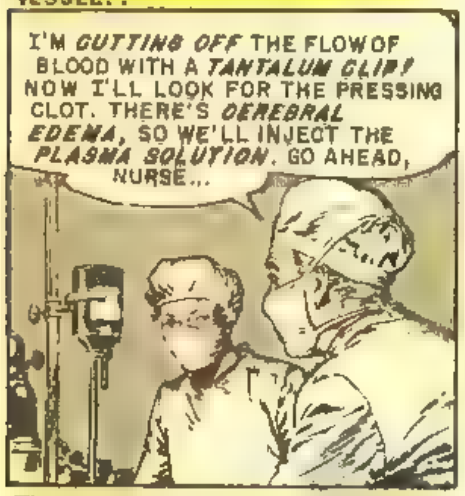


THE ULNA..THE FOREARM BONE.. IS QUICKLY SET AND IMMOBILIZED. NOW ALL ACTIVITY IS CENTERED ABOUT EVE'S HEAD WHICH YOU SEE HAS BEEN MADE READY... SHAVED.


SHE HAS A FRACTURED SKULL, FRANK. THEY'RE GOING TO TRY AND LOCATE A BLOOD CLOT PRESSING ON HER BRAIN...
PREPARE A PLASMA SOLUTION, NURSE... ONE IN FOUR PARTS WATER, PLEASE...

YOU SENSE THE TENSION, THE ANXIETY OF ALL WHO WATCH AND WAIT. THE SURGEON TURNS TO THE INSTRUMENT NURSE

THE SURGEON'S WORDS FALL MEANINGLESS ON YOUR EARS. THEY'RE MEANT FOR DOCTOR SOMNERS. THE TREPHINE BITES AWAY ONCE MORE AND IS WITHDRAWN AGAIN. THE SURGEON'S PROBING EYES AND FINGERS LOCATE THE BLEEDING VESSEL..

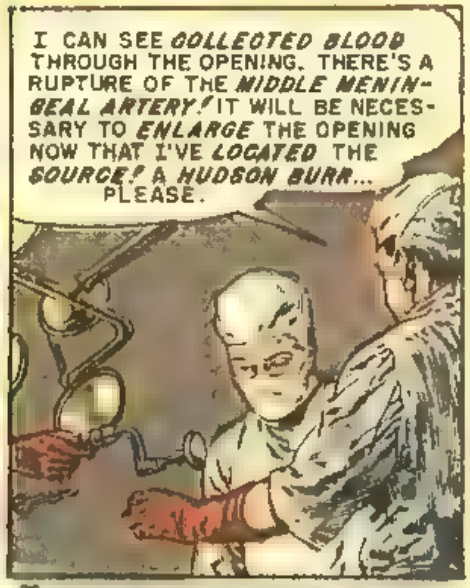

I'M *CUTTING OFF* THE FLOW OF BLOOD WITH A *TANTALUM CLIP!* NOW I'LL LOOK FOR THE PRESSING CLOT. THERE'S *CEREBRAL EDEMA*, SO WE'LL INJECT THE *PLASMA SOLUTION*. GO AHEAD, NURSE...

THE SURGEON GENTLY PREPARES A MOLD OVER THE DEPRESSION... A MOLD THAT IS USED TO MAKE A DIE OF ZINC AND A COUNTER DIE OF LEAD BETWEEN WHICH THE SMALL TANTALUM PLATE IS FORMED. A FEW HOLES ARE DRILLED IN THE PLATE AND THEN IT IS STERILIZED...

THE PLASMA IS INJECTED INTRAVENEOUSLY. THE SURGEON EXPLAINS TO DOCTOR SOMNERS THAT THE PLASMA SOLUTION IS USED TO REDUCE THE LIQUID CONTENT OF THE BRAIN, THEREBY REDUCING ITS SWELLING. IN A FEW MINUTES THE PLASMA DOES ITS WORK

THE SURGEON RETURNS TO THE PATIENT. HE MAKES SLOTS IN THE SKULL OPENING TO RECEIVE THE TANTALUM PLATE. QUICKLY, SURELY, HE TRIMS THE PLATE TO FIT...

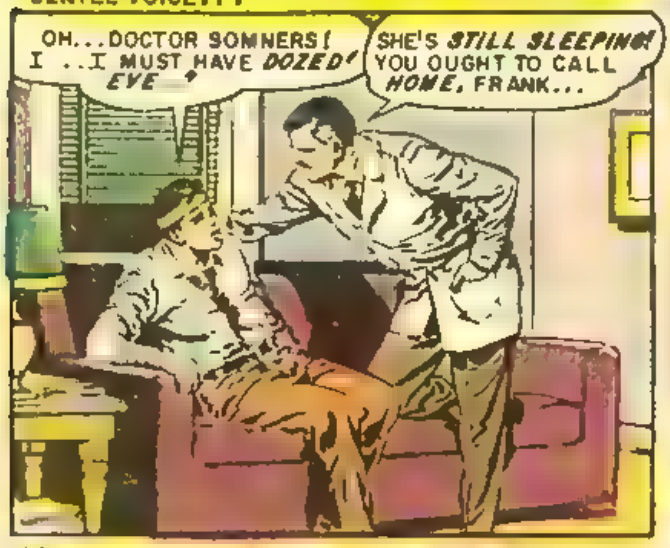
THE SURGEON'S SKILLED HANDS GRASP THE TREPHINE... APPLYING IT.. STOPPING.. WITHDRAWING IT.


I CAN SEE *COLLECTED BLOOD* THROUGH THE OPENING. THERE'S A RUPTURE OF THE *MIDDLE MENINGEAL ARTERY!* IT WILL BE NECESSARY TO *ENLARGE* THE OPENING NOW THAT I'VE *LOCATED* THE *SOURCE!* A *HUDSON BURR*... PLEASE.

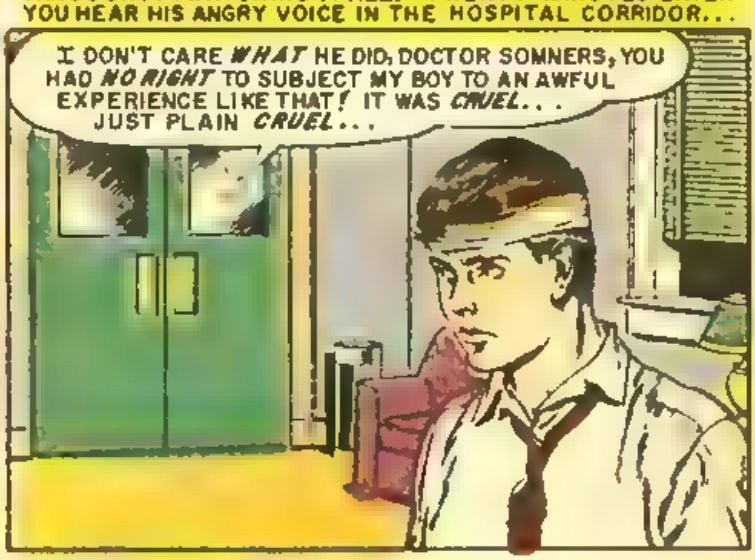
THE CLOT IS REMOVED, THE INJURED BLOOD VESSEL IS REPAIRED, AND THE TANTALUM CLIP IS RELEASED..

THE PLATE IS INSERTED IN THE SLOTS AND TANTALUM POINTS ARE TAPPED THROUGH THE HOLES OF THE PLATE INTO THE SKULLBONE ITSELF. FINALLY, THE WOUND IS CLOSED AND SUTURED

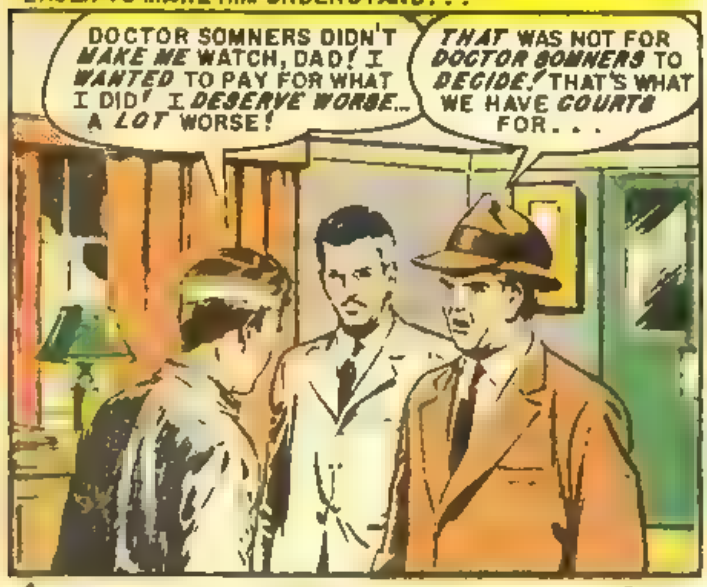
YOU SIT IN THE WAITING ROOM, FRANK MARLEY, EXHAUSTED BY YOUR EXPERIENCE, YET FEELING EASIER FOR HAVING GONE THROUGH THIS "VISUAL ATONEMENT" YOU'RE SUDDENLY AWAKENED BY A GENTLE VOICE...



YOUR FATHER ANSWERS THE PHONE AND YOU TELL EVERYTHING...ABOUT THE ACCIDENT...EVE.. WHAT YOU WENT THROUGH...WATCHING IT ALL. TWENTY MINUTES LATER YOU HEAR HIS ANGRY VOICE IN THE HOSPITAL CORRIDOR...


I DON'T CARE WHAT HE DID, DOCTOR SOMNERS, YOU HAD NO RIGHT TO SUBJECT MY BOY TO AN AWFUL EXPERIENCE LIKE THAT! IT WAS CRUEL... JUST PLAIN CRUEL...

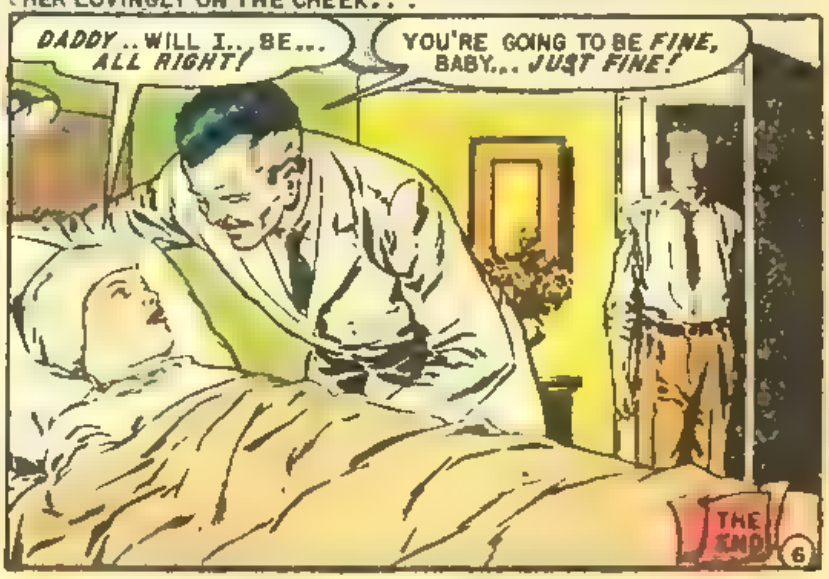
YOUR FATHER'S FACE IS FLUSHED WITH ANGER AS HE APPROACHES WITH DOCTOR SOMNERS. YOU GO TO HIM... EAGER TO MAKE HIM UNDERSTAND...


DOCTOR SOMNERS DIDN'T MAKE ME WATCH, DAD! I WANTED TO PAY FOR WHAT I DID! I DESERVE WORSE... A LOT WORSE!
THAT WAS NOT FOR DOCTOR SOMNERS TO DECIDE! THAT'S WHAT WE HAVE COURTS FOR...

WOULD YOU RATHER HAVE ME GO TO PRISON, DAD? DOCTOR SOMNERS LET ME LEARN A LESSON I'LL NEVER FORGET I WON'T FEEL LIKE DRIVING FOR A WHILE.. BUT WHEN I DO AGAIN, YOU CAN BET I WON'T SPEED! I COULDN'T! I'LL ALWAYS SEE EVE LYING THERE.. BROKEN..TORN..BRUISED. I...I NEVER WANT TO DO THAT...TO ANYONE...AGAIN...SOB...

A NURSE APPROACHES. SHE SMILES AT DOCTOR SOMNERS...

DOCTOR SOMNERS INVITES YOU TO ACCOMPANY HIM TO EVE'S BEDSIDE. YOU FOLLOW HIM IN... WATCH HIM GO TO HER...KISS HER LOVINGLY ON THE CHEEK...



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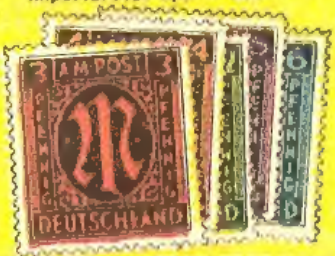

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